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GETTING and KEEPING A Business POSITION

By ROBERT C. OGDEN

A REQUEST from the editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST for an article that may have some practical interest for young men fills me with reminiscence, and my thought goes back considerably more than fifty years, to the Saturdays of my early boyhood. Two things made the seventh days of that period joyous: one was the school holiday, another the weekly visit of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. It always had interesting things that I anticipated with pleasure, and my selfishness was so stimulated by its interest that I usually contrived to become its first possessor upon its arrival at my home, only giving others a chance at it after I had exhausted it for myself.

And now, after all these intervening years, to find that it has never missed a weekly issue is a surprise; to see its new form and abounding life is a cause of admiration, and to receive a request for a contribution to its columns is an inspiration to sentimental retrospection.

When Mr. Lincoln had the varioloid he is reported to have expressed his pleasure at possessing, at last, something that he could freely give to every applicant for a favor. If it were in my power to formulate a solution for the problem that serves as caption to this article, capable of universal application, I would indeed be happy. In that event, the applicants that get by managers to my office—and their number is legion—would receive something responsive to their requests, and I should find relief from the argument and explanation by which to make the usual disappointment less keen.

There is a wide margin between securing employment and establishing a business position. The former is hard enough, the latter much harder, and this in spite of the fact that now, as never before, the business world is demanding men sufficiently capable and honest to fill places of trust and responsibility. But there is no experience which, to an employer of sympathetic temperament, who has to do either directly or indirectly with the employment of large numbers of people, is so sad as the unceasing procession of men and women seeking employment, who are not fitted either by training or character for any definite and special service. This condition has always existed, and probably always will, despite the liberal amount of advice and suggestion that has been so freely placed before every youth in the generations past and present.

Thus I am led to question whether the young men whom THE SATURDAY EVENING POST so earnestly desires to serve will really be the gainers by the records of experience and opinion contributed by the men of affairs who are invited to join in its counsels to the young seekers for employment.

A true young man, comprehending himself, having a proper self-respect, will understand that success is normal, failure abnormal. This is implied in Bishop Brooks' remark that "True human life begins with its circumference, as it were complete, and then fills in its space with its details." The accomplishment of any true development in life is based upon broad ideas, noble ambitions, splendid enthusiasm of the possibilities of living. There is vast inspiration in a comprehension of results of human effort in every field of action. Science and the mechanic arts, literature and the fine arts, business enterprise and commercial progress, every sphere of human activity, are radiant with illustrations of

individual success and brilliant work, a great aggregation of mental, material and moral achievements.

The conception of an ideal of what human ability can accomplish, the conscious possession of the same human qualities as have brought reward to so many others, should fill a young man with honest pride that he is a man, enjoying equal chances in the work of the world with others who have achieved. Thus he may have a stalwart self-respect that will be to him a lifting power from within, will create a power of resistance to temptation from without, and lay the foundation for the qualities of character and industry that are essential to true success in getting and keeping a business position.

Intelligent earnestness is essential, and ultimately always wins. The words are easily read, but their translation into action calls for the best effort of which one is capable.

Intelligent earnestness includes a great deal. It takes careful account of all details, especially the indications that are implied in personal appearance. A boy looking for a place must do it thoughtfully. He should be clean and neat. I have known clean hands and white finger-nails to decide the question in favor of a boy's employment, and I also have known black-rimmed finger-tips so to indicate slovenly carelessness as to cause a refusal. Costly habit is not needed, and showy dress is positively prejudicial.

HOW A NEW ENGLAND BOY MADE A NAME FOR HIMSELF

It is nearly half a century since a boy that I knew came from a New England farm to seek his fortune in New York, alone, friendless, and barely fifteen years old. Nearly at the close of his first day in the metropolis, having gone from store to store all the day long, meeting with sharp rebuffs and coarse denials, he entered the large warehouse of a great firm. His wit had been sharpened by disappointment, and he keenly asked for the office of the senior partner. Obstacles were put in his way, but after a little he gained the desired audience and stated his case. In reply to a question as to what he could do, he simply replied:

"I can do anything that a country boy of my age can."

"Can you get here early in the morning, sweep and dust this suite of offices, build the fires and do my errands?" the old gentleman asked.

"Yes, sir; I can do all that, and I am ready to begin to-morrow morning."

His quick wit, modest, manly earnestness, secured the place at once. The pay was small; a margin of fifty cents a week was all that remained over his board bill, but his salary was advanced three times during the first year, and at Christmas time fifty dollars that his father had with difficulty spared, to be used in case of need, was repaid and the boy had a proud sense of honest independence. In seven years he was a partner in the firm. By fidelity he had made himself indispensable.

Many years ago I knew a young man belonging to a family of high position in one of the continental countries of Europe. After a time his support from home ceased and he was suddenly thrown upon his own resources. Without knowledge of any business, but full of dead earnestness, he began work. His first employment was as a mechanic's helper. Quickly he became a mechanic, but soon felt that he was fitted for a higher place. He canvassed a business district and found small encouragement. His impulsive manner and broken English were against him. Finally, in the office of an important firm, he was asked how much he had been earning, to which he made the somewhat brusque reply: "Not enough to live upon, but too much to die upon." The partner with whom he had been talking dismissed him with a denial. Another partner, being much impressed by the conversation, recalled him and an engagement followed. Shortly the young foreigner eclipsed every other employee in the business. There was nothing he could not do, and do better than his fellows.

Conscious of his capacity, he demanded a partnership, but there was no position in the firm for him. Too progressive to be permanently kept in a subordinate place, he left his situation and struck out for himself. Before long he was a creditor of his former employers. Wealth came quickly, a career of prosperity followed which lasted until his death at mature middle age, and a handsome fortune fell to his heirs.

These bits of experience to which I have been a witness are given to enforce the proposition—*intelligent* earnestness always wins. Note the words. "Intelligent"—that is, such thoughtful, considerate and wise display and application of energy as to make power effective. This point has a very important relation to each element of our subject, for it is a powerful factor both in securing employment and creating a business position.

PLENTY OF OPPORTUNITIES FOR AVERAGE MEN

It sometimes occurs that young men born to wealth or commanding the power of influential friendships find a start in the business world comparatively easy; occasionally there is a genius, but neither wealth nor genius will make a position without the qualities of persistence and industry. Observation of the men who are filling eminent and powerful places in the business world proves the proposition that exceptional intellectual ability is not needed to secure success. Average men run the business affairs of the world, and the highest places are at the command of such men, provided that they display fidelity, industry and intelligence, and are vitalized by character.

Two comparatively young men are now Presidents of great railroad corporations. They are much in the public eye, and the world recognizes their superiority. The distance from the place of a hand on a gravel train to the Presidency was short for one of them; for the other it was rapid promotion from a switch-tender's place to the headship of a corporation. You would not call them brilliant, but they are brainy, and with each of them force of character, simple, unobtrusive, without vanity or pride of position, impresses all with whom they deal.

Qualities that make men really valuable are recognized, and the places to be filled are seeking men to fill them. Not long ago the Directors of a great corporation were in session, facing with uncertainty the filling of a vacant Presidency. The masterful man of that board stated that a certain party, whom I will call B., was the man required for the place. Now B. was at that time filling an important subordinate place in another corporation. A two-minutes' conversation over a telephone, that followed, lifted B. to the Presidency of a great railroad system. So do the places find the men.

My own sphere of information is small, and yet I know, as I write, of four places that carry salaries varying from $30,000 to $50,000 a year that are, and have been for months, seeking for proper incumbents. But great places are not seeking for unable men.

It generally occurs that the prizes of business life are not secured by the men whose thoughts and schemes are expended upon seizing them. Everywhere, in all ranks of employment, are men that take themselves too seriously. Such, almost without exception, are the men whose interests are exterior and not interior. Their efforts are not directed toward self-improvement, toward the rendering of a better and increasingly improving service to employer or to the world. The first requirement is to be fitted for better and higher things; the second is to attain them. Preparation comes by painful steps and slow; promotion comes frequently to the truly earnest man as a surprise.

There is no position more pathetic than that of the overplaced man. His fall is usually only a matter of time. The world's judgment is accurate and almost inevitable. It is therefore of the utmost consequence that a man, whatever his position, should know the strength of his tenure. Let a man judge of his hold upon a place with an honest self-respect, conscious of what he is and can be; but as he values his

PHOTOGRAPH BY CLAYTON STONE HARRIS, PHILA.

ROBERT C. OGDEN

position, let his self-judgment be free from vanity, conceit or narrowness.

If I understand the question of the editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, he wants special and definite suggestions to young men upon how to create and keep a position. The answer has been somewhat anticipated in the foregoing. Other fragments can be added, but the result, so far as this article is concerned, will be partial.

SOME MAXIMS WORTH REMEMBERING

No employee can succeed unless he commands the confidence and respect of his employer. A sure road to loss of place is laid out when a young man concludes that he can leave ethics out of his theory of obligation to his employer. It is a cheap fallacy for a man to say that so long as he gives his employer the stipulated time and service the remainder of his life is his own to do with as he pleases. Poor fool! Underneath all is character. Utter fool is he that supposes he can compromise ethics and not have his life reflect the surrender.

Beer or whiskey at lunch by many signs give token of their presence. The night's dissipation is attested by a cloud of witnesses in the morning. Debt with persons earning fixed incomes is frequently either dishonest or productive of dishonesty. Money obligations by an employee to persons with whom the employer has the business relation of purchaser or patron are almost without exception fraudulent. Eye service that depends for fidelity upon the employer's presence is merely stealing.

Innocent pleasures and proper recreation, if carried to such an extreme as to become an object, and not an incident of life, subordinates business to outside enjoyment, and thus renders proper service from employee to employer impossible.

This list of debasing influences might be greatly extended. They tempt men, especially younger men, from the strict line of business duty, and by impairment of character and limitations of habit are fatal to success. The fatality arises from the impossibility of concealment. Influences for good or evil are quickly apparent and results follow causes.

As a general statement, it is true that a young man's career is absolutely in his own keeping, and he is thus the master of his own destiny.

It is, therefore, axiomatic that, given a chance by securing employment, a young man creates his own place. Every occupation gives abundant field for study. In trade, a young man should know his stock, should master all knowledge that pertains to his merchandise, whence it is derived and how produced. If manufactured goods, he should know the history and development of the art represented and its relation to other arts. There is always a literature concerning any of the arts that gives the things demanded by the needs or tastes of our civilization. To master the special literature of his occupation should be the aim of every young man. Banking, railroading, shipping, insurance, the mechanic arts, and many other vocations are founded upon scientific systems. The superficial man will be content with knowledge of the routine that has to do with daily work, and the result will be commonplace mediocrity. The thorough man will be discontented unless he is always learning.

THOROUGHNESS THE CORNER-STONE OF SUCCESS

In the Civil War times, when the entire financial interests of this country underwent sudden transition, a young man came very suddenly into a very commanding banking position. His influence was widely felt, and his remarkable ability quickly made him a power in money affairs. Added to stalwart honor and industry that knew no pause was his mastery of all the details of his business. But this knowledge was not a sudden acquisition. As a boy in a country bank, doing errands and attending to the office, he lost no proper opportunity to make himself familiar with every detail of the bookkeeping, the routine of all the bank business, and as a boy, before any responsibilities of an important character had come to him, he was thoroughly posted in all that could be learned in the limited sphere of a country bank. Thus began a distinguished and successful career.

That boy was father of the man he came to be. Intense application is needed always in the creation and maintenance of a business position. It demands the highest and most persistent devotion, second only in its obligation to religion. God first, business next, should be the aim of every young man struggling for place and promotion. Study of the careers of successful men is always most interesting, and I would suggest that there is no more profitable knowledge to be acquired by a young business man. But there should always be the limitation that comes with a proper definition of success. There are great and successful men, as the world goes, who may serve as models for work, but whose aims in life are so utterly unworthy—men who make money their god—as to be frightful examples of the debasing power of success, when money and position become an end and not an incident of life. Money is a good friend if rightly used. Power and influence are blessings when their use is controlled by lofty purposes. But money, power and influence, when controlled by selfishness, become a curse that debases the mind and corrupts the heart. Therefore, study men, but study them intelligently.

LEARN TO WRITE WELL AND SPELL WELL

There are apparently small things that have much to do with success—things small in themselves but great in their influence. Prominent among them are good penmanship and good English. These accomplishments develop accuracy and refinement. Good health is a duty that cannot be ignored. Without it success is doubtful, and it is easier to secure and to retain than thoughtless young men are willing to admit. Neatness in personal appearance is another duty, and, like health, it can be maintained at far less cost than many suppose. These several things, and others equally simple, create an influence of gentility that is essential in business relations. Good breeding is on the increase in this country, and it counts powerfully as an element of success.

For a final word, let me call attention to the thought suggested at the beginning—namely, that a complete life, thoroughly rounded physically, mentally, spiritually, is the life that contains within itself the elements of success in material equally with higher things. The bane of living is incompleteness. The difficulty is that character is improperly centred, that young men do not see their problems whole, large, complete. It needs to be such a dreaming of dreams and seeing visions as creates ideals—sentiment, but not sentimentality. Then the struggle of life is to keep them. Occasionally an old man survives, bright, pure in heart, hopeful, radiant. Such are a matchless inspiration; always they are men that got their positions and kept them.

The life of additions creates and keeps a position; such is a growing life. The life of subtractions fails either to create or to keep a position. Every compromise of principle, every act for which apology or explanation must be made, every deed that must be covered with darkness, is a deduction. Add constantly, and you will both get a position and keep it.

WILLIAM MERRITT CHASE-Artist, Wit and Philosopher

By Perriton Maxwell

DRAWN BY PERRITON MAXWELL *William Merritt Chase*

"REMBRANDT could paint a haunch of beef in a way that made it a thing of beauty; Vollon painted a pumpkin that people travel the world over to see, and Alfred Stevens' women in ridiculous hoopskirts are still among the ineffably lovely creations of art—all because of the treatment, the technique. It is never the subject of a picture which makes it great; it is the brush treatment, the color, the form. There is no great art without a great technique back of it."

That is the artistic creed of William Merritt Chase, a master-painter who does superbly all that he tries to do, and some things better than any man living. He is nothing if not a technician, and he has succeeded, as have few other American artists, in making the commonplace glow with unsuspected beauties. He is the first man who ever saw the pictorial possibilities of a "wash-day" and a lineful of wet linen. It was Chase who dared to paint the smug symmetries of a public park landscape, and find a subject worthy his brushes in a modern summer cottage on a sand-dune. "If one can paint a fence-rail well, it is far better than an unsuccessful attempt at the most sublime scenery, for it is not what one does, but the way it is done," avers this philosopher who interprets his thoughts with a tuft of hair at the end of a stick. Nor are his words the studied phrases of a man who talks with the quotation marks ever before him. No ecclesiastic adheres more strenuously to his vows than does Mr. Chase to his artistic creed.

The great thing of interest in Mr. Chase's personality is his intense passion for all that is modern. "He is the most nineteenth-century man I have ever met," said a famous critic to the writer, in discussing the artist. "Chase will be a superb figure of ancient history for the contemplation of students in the thirtieth century; he is so much of his own time that he will doubtless last for all time." As an illustration of his extreme modernity, the story is told that he deliberately discharged the charwoman who scrubbed his studio floor because she had features that reminded him of a Greek mask of tragedy. He will have none of the past except its beauties. His great regret is that the old masters are not living to-day in New York and Paris studios, so that they might avail themselves of the thousand and one picturesque themes in our streets, our social life, even in our police courts.

"People talk about poetical subjects in art," says Chase; "there are no such things. The only poetry in art is the way the artist applies his pigments to the canvas. A yellow dog with a tin can tied to his tail would have been enough inspiration for a masterpiece by a consummate genius like Velasquez. Nothing is vulgar except the vulgarian; some artists are capable of painting the crucifixion in the same way they would copy a cabbage; others can make a sublime achievement of a glue-pot and a pair of spectacles."

MR. CHASE'S TASTE IN ARKS

Unless it be Whistler, there is no living artist about whom so many anecdotes are told as are told of Chase. Certainly no other American painter lends himself so picturesquely to the story-teller's art. The present writer has been at the pains to verify a number of these anecdotes—pleasantries that have hitherto escaped the types, and which hit off better than any detailed description the strong, nervous, albeit somewhat eccentric personality of the man and artist. Perhaps the best of these stories is that which a former pupil tells of his gifted master.

"Mr. Chase went shopping for toys one Christmas Eve," narrates the ex-pupil, "and he determined to buy, among other things, an old-fashioned Noah's Ark—one of the kind from which he himself had received his earliest impressions of form and color. This was to be a gift for his little daughter and favorite model. In a New York toy shop Mr. Chase soon found himself, and, addressing the young woman in charge, said:

"'I want a Noah's Ark, please; not one of those slick new things with real hide on the animals and human hair on Noah and his family, but a regular, old-fashioned Noah's Ark, with Noah on a little round stand, and the elephant the same size as the dove, and Shem, Ham and Japheth no taller than the giraffe, and lots of red and yellow paint on all of 'em!'

"'I am afraid we haven't got any of those old-style Arks, sir. People don't want them nowadays. But I'll call down to our storage-room, where they may have one.'

"After waiting an interminably long time, a boy brought up one of the typical old-time Arks, under whose V-shaped, scarlet roof were tucked away an array of perfectly impossible wooden figures. The Ark and its contents were relieved of a thick coat of dust and handed over to the artist.

"'Ah, yes; there they are! There is Noah on his little round stand, and the elephant the same size as the dove, and Shem, Ham and Japheth no taller than the giraffe, but I cannot be certain it is a real old-fashioned Noah's Ark until I taste the paint on the elephant. Do you mind if I sample the elephant?'

"'Oh, no, not at all!' exclaimed the astonished saleswoman, wondering what kind of lunatic she was dealing with. And Chase, without further ado, luxuriously sucked half an inch of vivid pigment off the elephant's back, just as he had done forty years ago, and as children have done since painted toys were invented. Handing back the toy with the air of an epicure foregoing his favorite dish, the artist assured the open-eyed saleswoman that the Noah's Ark was precisely the kind he sought, and, paying for it, smilingly strode off with it tucked under his arm."

SPECIMENS OF THE ARTIST'S CAUSTIC WIT

Like Whistler, Chase is famous for his caustic wit, and more than one person has been crushed by his quick, sarcastic rejoinders. A notable instance of this occurred when a well-known art critic with a small soul and very little wit, after disputing the claims of merit made by Chase for a canvas by Meissonier, exclaimed with more passion than politeness: "My opinion of you is most contemptible!"

"Pshaw," replied Chase, "that doesn't surprise me in the least; I never knew an opinion of yours that was not contemptible."

Unlike most artists who have, in the vernacular of the studio, "arrived," Mr. Chase is not afraid to invite honest criticism of his work. Indeed, he sometimes goes out of the beaten path to secure an unbiased opinion so that he may profit by it. Such an occasion once gave him more amusement than profit, however, and the critic in the case was an old farmer who lived not far from Mr. Chase's summer studio at Shinnecock, Long Island. To be sure that he had achieved complete success in his handling of an orchard scene, and to sound in some measure the popular value of his canvas, he had invited the old farmer to call at his studio and view the picture. When the critic arrived and was shown the canvas he gazed long and steadfastly at it, shifting from one foot to the other and looking altogether uncomfortable. He started to say something, but stopped short; it was in vain that he scratched his head; nothing would come out. Presently he blurted out:

"Consarn it, Mr. Chase! I sot up ther hull o' last night thinkin' uv some pretties to say about yer picter, but hang me ef I ain't gone an' forgot every word uv it. I'm sorry for yer, too, for I thought uv some right pert things to say to yer that would have kinder sot yer a-thinkin'."

The artist has not placed so high a value upon unsophisticated opinions since this adventure, and the rustic as an honest critic no longer holds a place in his esteem.

The art of Mr. Chase is objective and external, and he has trained himself to be a kind of human camera through whose lenses we see reflected in the exhibition halls year after year a new definition of beauty in things we have heretofore called dull and uninteresting. His art is of the eye. He has small use for abstract form; he is unresponsive to the demands of composition, and as for the thought or story of a picture, such things might as well be non-existent. But show him the sheen on a silken gown, the playful lighting on a copper kettle, the velvet whiteness of a woman's arms and neck, and you have awakened his interest and aroused his ambition. As intimated in the quotation of his own words, Chase is first and last the technician. He is more distinctively and emphatically a *painter* than any other artist native to our soil. He has discovered, because of his personal bent, the beauties of "shanty town," and shown us pictures in the stiff features of Central Park, New York, and Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. He can wrest something pleasing for picturement from a car-stable, and one of his most successful canvases is the slate roof on an extremely conventional edifice in Brooklyn, New York. Perhaps it is because there is a crispness, a gayety, a lightness about his pictures that his subjects do not seem ordinary. Whatever the cause, he has succeeded in attaining a position among artists that is quite unique and much envied—he is at once a people's painter as well as a painter's painter; he satisfies the highest, most exacting technical criticisms, and gives satisfaction at the same time to the newsboy looking at his work in the art-shop window. That is the very zenith of artistic success.

PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF WORTHLESS CRITICISM

Chase one day was praising unstintedly the picture of a celebrated Boston artist who had been his fellow-student in Paris in earlier days. "What a painter that man is!" said Chase enthusiastically. "What splendid coloring and sound drawing he puts into his work! He is one of the modern masters. His pictures will live."

"You are very generous with him," remarked one of the artist's auditors; "more especially as he says the most unpleasant things about you."

"Ah, well," said the artist, "perhaps we are both of us mistaken."

Born in Franklin County, Indiana, in 1849, William Merritt Chase has to-day, besides an international reputation, a larger number of devotees than other present-day preceptors of art. Destined for a business career, Chase turned from trade and plunged boldly into art when he was twenty. After studying with a local portrait painter, he came to New York and entered the National Academy of Design in 1869. Three years later he went to Munich; he remained there six years. In that smoky, beery, bituminous city this wiry, enthusiastic young American made many friends and laid the foundation of his present wonderful technique. The pupil of Piloty, Chase has long ago outgrown the sombre coloring of that master; his work is now more Parisian than Bavarian.

It was during his student days in Munich that a group of classmates under Piloty undertook to cure the affable young American of what they considered his too ready acceptance of general criticism on his work. The youthful Chase was industrious over a picture of still-life in which a huge copper pot, a bunch of beets, a codfish, a knife and a head of lettuce formed the subject.

"You'd improve that thing if you'd paint out that foolish bunch of beets," said one of the conspirators as he watched his victim lovingly painting high lights on the beet tops.

"Do you really think so?" asked Chase in all sincerity.

"Assuredly," responded the student critic, and the offending beets were removed from the picture.

"Why do you ruin your composition with that ugly codfish?" queried the second conspirator. "Take out the fish and you have made a picture that is really good." After some little thought Chase concluded the removal of the fish might help, and it followed the beets.

"What an unnecessary bit of color that knife makes in your picture," said conspirator number three. "You never can afford to let a little thing like that spoil so good a canvas." "Perhaps he, too, is right," meditated the conscientious American student, and away went the knife.

"What a hideous botch he is making of the thing with his sickly green head of lettuce. Ugh! It gives me the sensation of swallowing Paris green just to look at it." Such was the comment of the fourth conspirator, repeated to himself, though obviously enough intended for the still-life painter.

"Well, I'll just see how it improves with the lettuce out of it," said Chase, obliterating the object to which exception had last been made. He had barely removed the green leaves and was reviewing the lonely copper-pot, the sole object remaining in the composition over which he had toiled so faithfully and so long, when the door opened and a grinning face was thrust in. The face opened and said something about removing the copper-pot, and was darted back just in time to escape collision with a weighty mahlstick thrown by the irate Chase. "It was a good lesson for me," says the artist in telling of the episode, "and it taught me to have faith in myself and my work; other men's opinions are useful only when they can add something to what one already possesses."

His Superfluous Highness

By Harriet Riddle Davis

"I was born an American, I will live an American, I will die an American."—Daniel Webster.

THE Prince had decided that none but white flowers should deck the studio that day. He had with great elaboration thought out the color scheme, and had decided that in some way the flowers used should be an expression of the feeling which held him in possession. To that end great masses of bride roses were banked upon the mantel and filled every space, while buds of the same suggestive flower were strewn over the queer drawn-work of the linen cloth on the tea-table.

At one end of the long, irregular room a big canvas was stretched, which reached from the ample platform to the ceiling. It was evident that some one, probably the Chevalier Valdés, would give an exhibition of feats of strength, or of skill with the foils, or perhaps would sing, for the piano was drawn out across one corner of the platform. The lights were reflected dimly from bits of armor in the corners; the arms of all nations shone in relief from the tapestries which hung on the walls, and every footfall was dulled by the thick Eastern rugs spread upon the floor. The last sweetmeat and the last plate of *baba* had been placed on the table. The samovar was already lighted, and Dunya, the maid, in the peasant dress of her country, stood in readiness to serve the first guest who should arrive.

Prince Alexander Constantine was giving a studio tea that afternoon in his picturesque rooms. The gossips had whispered around that it was a return for the social favors showered upon him during the season by the smart set, and that many surprises would be in store for the guests. Some went so far as to predict that the Prince, in all likelihood, would announce his engagement, for there was not one among his smart friends who did not believe that the occasion was meant to honor solely one woman, and that woman Nanny Romaine.

Never in all its social existence had the town been so torn asunder as it was over the Prince and Nanny Romaine. The whole thing might, perhaps, be styled a triple entanglement, for Nanny's kinsman, John Romaine, was likely to play an important part in it. Possibly Nanny's uncle, the Honorable Secretary, would take a hand, too, for the Secretary was known to be rather unkindly disposed toward the sprigs of diplomacy who flocked to his house and made love to Nanny.

There were those among the smart set who said that the Prince had really no serious idea of marrying Nanny at all; that not even her reputed fortune could win him from his gay bachelor life. There were those who shook their heads and said that the Prince, being in the diplomatic service, could not marry out of his country for reasons of State; while still others who said that the real hindrance would be John Romaine—that he, too, wanted Nanny, and that the only reason he had not avowed himself long ago was that he held strange, quixotic notions of her fortune and of his own lack of it, and he stood aloof from her in consequence. But there were two points upon which all were agreed. One was that Nanny fully meant to be the Princess Alexander Constantine if she could compass it, and the other was that the Prince was genuinely head over ears in love with her.

It in no way seemed to derogate from the romance of the affair that it was known that the Prince would marry money, and that he could not have allowed himself the indulgence of falling in love with her if she had not been possessed of it. It was a lucky chance, therefore, which had brought an heiress to the capital, for with the advent of the new Administration considerable wealth had come with it, and Nanny had risen a fair and golden vision to preside over the household of her uncle, the Honorable Secretary.

It is never by any means certain that officials in Administration circles will be part and parcel of the smart set of the town, but in this instance the Secretary's high position, Nanny's much-talked-about fortune, and the untiring care with which John Romaine had presented the right people to his kinsfolk, made an instant success of Nanny, and brought her into the social swim. Indeed, it was John Romaine and no other who had introduced the Prince into the Secretary's house in the first instance.

It was small wonder that Nanny had been dazzled by him, for he was the handsomest attaché who had been seen in diplomatic circles for years; and when he had made his first appearance at the diplomatic reception at the White House he was a most imposing and conspicuous figure. Those who had crowded around to stare at the newly returned war heroes dropped away one by one to ask if any one knew the striking-looking man in Court dress.

And there, also, at that same reception, high up in the receiving line of the Blue Room, as was her right, stood Nanny Romaine, and close behind was her faithful, watchful kinsman, John Romaine, for wherever Nanny was there John was sure to be. He was the elder brother, cousin, guardian and knight all in one to this young girl, so strangely alone in the world, and no girl could have had a stauncher knight than he, though he had always been so much her property ever since she was a little child that she regarded him very much as a matter of course, and never seemingly thought to look for the man under the coat of mail which he wore for her benefit.

EVERY EYE IN THE STUDIO WAS FIXED UPON THE RADIANT FIGURE OF THE GIRL, AND NOTED THE DEFERENTIAL, IMPRESSIVE GREETING BESTOWED UPON HER BY THE HOST

DRAWN BY HENRY HUTT

Of course it was not a case of love at first sight with the Prince at this diplomatic reception, for though Nanny was as fair a bit of American young womanhood as had appeared for several seasons, she was only one of many who seemed bewilderingly fair to the Prince; and besides, he wore a monocle screwed into one eye, which may have blurred the radiance of the golden halo which surrounded her.

But it all came later, and to-day the smart world was awaiting the *dénouement*.

Every detail and every arrangement for the coming guests were perfect. The Prince glanced with quick, satisfied eyes over every part of the studio and then stood for a moment in contemplative mood. He was surprised and almost grave over the strength of the sentiment which swayed him. This little American girl, of whom he felt by no means absolutely sure, seemed to hold him in chains. He wondered if she would understand the subtle significance of the white roses, or whether she would accept the talisman he meant to give her under cover of other souvenirs to be given to his guests. Would he have a chance to draw her away from the rest for a moment, just long enough to make her feel the strength and genuineness of his passion? Could he hope to elude the jealous watchfulness of John Romaine?

He began to walk up and down the studio as he turned the matter over and over in his mind. These Americans were a queer people. He had always understood that a title was considered in America more than a fair exchange for a fortune, and in this case there was not only the title, but he had also been able to commit the delightful folly of adding love to the list of what he could offer. Was it possible that it could mean nothing to this charming little girl, with no ancestry behind her, to be asked to enter a family which counted a continuous line of nobles back for hundreds of years?

The Prince stopped in his walk, overpowered by this incredible possibility. Then he tried to define exactly the attitude and manner of this young woman toward him.

She certainly had accepted every attention he had bestowed or that social custom would sanction. She had taken solitary wheel rides with him, and had wandered over remote and lonely golf-links with him. She had sat out figure after figure with him in the Germans, until the gossips and John Romaine had put a stop to it. More remarkable still, in this remarkable country, she had received him unchaperoned and alone, time after time, in her uncle's house. This in itself was enough from his foreign standpoint. Once when she had given him, in the way of encouragement, the proverbial inch, he had promptly seized the proverbial ell. True, he had been rebuked, but he had also been forgiven and taken back into favor.

Oh! there could be no doubt but "Mees" Nanny was willing to become his Princess. She probably understood as well as he the advantages which would come to both from such an alliance. What if she had flouted him, and laughed at him, and turned up her nose at his title sometimes, that was only because she was American and had absorbed the Honorable Secretary's ideas about foreigners. She did not quite appreciate the situation. He could change all that. Then suddenly there came over him some thought or recollection which obtruded upon his dreams unpleasantly and changed his handsome face until it resembled one of the fierce tribal faces of the Tartar or Cossack. He shut his hands together with spasmodic force and gave himself up for a moment to some inner conflict, then he pulled himself together in time to assume his usual charm of manner and go forward to greet his first guests.

Soon the studio was full of gay, smart people, but it was not until the afternoon was well advanced that Nanny Romaine appeared. She brought in with her a whiff of fresh, vigorous, joyous youth, which contrasted sharply with the man who accompanied her. Not that John Romaine by any means had parted with his youth, for there were some years of it still to his credit; but he had a grave, worn look, which marred his nervous, strong face. Every eye in the studio was fixed upon the radiant figure of the girl, and noted the deferential, impressive greeting bestowed upon her by the host, and, also, every eye noted with eagerness the scant greeting of the two men.

Just then attention was distracted from them by an outburst of strange, wild music. It was the signal for the beginning of the novel spectacle of a series of national dances given in the costumes of the Prince's country. This was very timely, and must have been prearranged to happen thus, for under cover of it the Prince lost no time to say to Nanny:

"Mees Romaine, I have some quaint curios I would show you. Will you honor them?"

"Oh! but just wait a minute, Prince Constantine; I must see these beautiful dances first," cried Nanny.

"Mees Nanny, you will have many a time to see these dances hereafter, and in the more fitting surroundings of

Editor's Note—This is the fourth in a series of stories of Washington life, which is being written for the Post by Mrs. Harriet Riddle Davis.

their own country, I hope," he replied persuasively, looking down into her face with eloquent eyes.

A quick color sprang to her cheeks, and John Romaine turned abruptly away at the words so significantly spoken. Nanny reluctantly passed on with the Prince, but glanced back at her cousin, who did not respond to her look nor follow her.

When the Prince had led the way slowly across the crowded studio, and had reached a small inner room which was dimly lighted and entirely deserted, he paused before a table upon which were scattered bright-colored crystals cut, or carved, in curious, rude shapes. "These are a few small souvenirs from the Ural Mountains to be given as remembrances of the day," said the Prince. "There is one among them for you, Mees Nanny."

He picked up a magnificent green stone which seemed to emit sparkling lights. He held it a moment as though uncertain, and his face was very grave. There was something in his manner that made Nanny dread what he might say. She felt that she was, perhaps, about to be rushed upon her fate without knowing exactly what she wished it to be. The man before her was different in some way from the man she had danced with and held captive all through the season. Of this man she was suddenly afraid. He spoke at last:

"This has been a talisman among my people for generations, and I wish to see it in your possession, where it ought to be by rights, Mees Nanny. It has strange properties. Will you accept it? May I tell you about it?"

He placed the stone in her hand, and partly closed her fingers around it; then, holding her hand imprisoned in his, he continued with evident emotion, as he bent his head close to hers:

"This stone, when given to one who is deeply loved, will inspire love, so tradition goes. It has been handed down to every succeeding Princess of our house, and I would give it to you, with all the significance it bears."

Every bit of color had fled from Nanny's lips. She looked into his tense face with frightened eyes, then glanced helplessly around, as though seeking some one's help; but there was no help at hand. She would have to meet this crisis alone. She rallied herself, and replied bravely:

"But, Prince Constantine, I am sure that this little talisman is something more than a crystal from the Ural Mountains. I am sure that it is a valuable emerald, and far too precious to go out of your family."

She tried to disengage her hand from his, and to give back to him the strange talisman.

"No, no! I will not have it back. It must work its charm upon you till it inspires love in your heart."

"You surely do not believe that it possesses any such power as you describe, for it would be nonsense, Prince Constantine," said she tremulously, trying for a light tone and manner.

"I believe anything that I wish to believe, Mees Nanny, and I choose to believe that it will bring love——"

Nanny interrupted quickly and mischievously, for she was bent upon lightening the gravity of the situation.

"Ah! but just suppose that it should inspire me with love for the wrong person, what an embarrassment that would be! For instance, what if I were to find myself in love with—well, say the Chevalier Valdés—what then?"

The flippancy of her manner brought an impatient look to his face. He dropped her hand and said with a half-jealous sneer: "Perhaps you really mean me to understand that it might inspire you to return the love of your——"

The Prince caught himself up suddenly. He knew that he was about to make a mistake. Nanny opened her eyes wide and asked breathlessly:

"Inspire me to return the love of—of whom?"

The Prince made no reply, save to raise his shoulders slightly. Again she asked insistently, this time with a touch of hauteur: "Whom did you have in mind, Prince Constantine?"

"Myself solely," he replied, looking her straight in the face. Then, dropping all pretense, he spoke out with quick decision of tone and manner:

"Only this very day, Mees Nanny, I have had an interview with your uncle, the Honorable Secretary. I asked his formal consent to our marriage. I laid before him whatever advantages such an alliance would have for you, and they are not inconsiderable. He knows of my family, of my estates and my titles. In fact, he knows all."

The Prince broke off suddenly. Nanny remained mute and white, leaning against the table as though in need of support. Everything was still for a moment, save for the wild strains of music which rang out from the studio beyond. The Prince resumed immediately:

"Your uncle, the Honorable Secretary, has not given a full consent. There remains something to be overcome in his prejudice against an international marriage, but he will not stand in the way if he can be assured from you that this marriage would be to your happiness. I told him that you fully understood my attentions, and that I had every reason to believe that your heart, like mine, is involved."

He looked at her gravely as he uttered these words. Nanny winced, and her face went from white to red. She made a quick movement against the table, which sent several of the crystals scattering down upon the rug under her feet. Neither of them seemed to notice this, and he continued:

"I am to have the pleasure of a further interview with the Honorable Secretary to-night, and surely you will give me the right—a right which you have already implied—to speak for you as my future Princess?"

Nanny did not answer, but stood still and straight, with her hand pressed against her heart to stay its beating. She hoped the Prince did not know how horribly frightened she was. Her mind was a jumble of confused thoughts. She had fancied that it would be delightfully thrilling to have the honor of becoming a Princess. She had been proud of her conquest. She had been the envy of almost every woman in the smart world. Was this really love which this handsome foreigner was offering her? He was stern, almost fierce. She was actually afraid of him. He had just said that she had given him, or implied to him, a right to regard her as his future Princess. Had she? Her mind went back with great leaps over the past months, and the sudden sinking of her heart was the answer.

Could she put her hand into his which was outstretched to her now and go with him to a bleak, strange, almost barbaric country, away from everybody in her native land, away from home, away from John? Oh! where was John all this time? Why didn't he come? She put her hands up shieldingly before her face.

The Prince was watching all the variations of her conflict. He was well versed in every phase of the emotions, and he read with quick, unerring eyes the twists and turns of this young girl's mind. Indeed, it was this artless transparency in her which was one of her irresistible charms to him. He began to feel less secure of her, and then suddenly he realized that he might lose her altogether, and the hot blood mounted to his face. He made an impetuous movement and, drawing her hands from her face, tried to compel her eyes to meet his. He spoke her name in a tone that was caressing, soft and winning: "Nanny!"

She shrank back, almost against the wall, and gazed up at him with an appealing, fluttering look in her eyes. For a moment there was a wavering uncertainty about her so entirely adorable to the Prince that he threw all caution to the winds. He forgot the close proximity of the gay crowd, which was only separated from them by hangings of heavy tapestry, and, gathering her in his arms, he pressed her closely to him, while he rained upon her lips, hair and eyes swift, passionate kisses—kisses which drew from Nanny a sharp cry of anguish which he smothered upon her lips as it was uttered.

She struggled fiercely to free herself, but her battle of resistance was met by forceful, determined caresses; suddenly there was a grasp laid upon the Prince which, powerful though he was, sent him over against the little table of curios, knocking it over, and sending the crystals, from the Ural Mountains, in every direction. Fortunately, the music and the heavy hangings drowned the clatter.

Almost in the same instant the Prince sprang with uplifted hand toward his antagonist, but John Romaine evaded the onslaught and caught the outstretched arm.

The two men faced each other in a white heat of anger. The Prince's face again bore a resemblance to one of the fierce tribesmen who had been his forbears. The veins stood out on his forehead, and his lips were drawn in a straight, livid line. John Romaine's face was white, too, but scarcely more so than it had been for weeks past. In his eyes there was a steady, fixed resolve. His demeanor was cool, for he had himself in hand. Both seemed tacitly to agree that there must be no noisy encounter, no loud word, nothing that should penetrate to the studio beyond.

Nanny looked from one to the other. She turned her eyes away with a shiver from the distorted face of the Prince to fix them upon John, who stood facing him so commandingly. Could this be John? she asked herself. She gazed long and wonderingly at him, and a new expression began to creep into her eyes and around her mouth. At last John Romaine broke the silence, which had been of only a moment's duration. He spoke in a low tone of quiet, concentrated anger:

"By what right have you dared to take advantage of my cousin?"

The Prince flushed and answered in a tone equally low and equally angry:

"The affair is mine, sir."

"You mistake; the affair is mine now, Prince Constantine, and I ask again, by what right have you dared this?"

"By the same right which every man has, no matter what his country, who asks the woman he loves to marry him," he replied. "I am strictly within my rights. I have asked the Honorable Secretary for Mees Nanny's hand, and I am to receive in a few short hours his——"

John interrupted him here. He dropped his arms suddenly, as though under a heavy shock, and, stepping nearer to the Prince, said in an imperative tone which he lowered meaningly:

"When you asked consent of the Secretary did you make known to him certain facts which it was understood at the Club the other night should be laid before him?"

The Prince's face changed slightly. He threw back his head and said with cool evasion:

"I laid before the Honorable Secretary all that I deemed it necessary should——"

"But did you mention certain facts?" demanded the other, cutting short the evasive reply and coming still nearer.

It looked for an instant as though this imperious question, asked in such low, imperious tones, would produce an outbreak, but the Prince, putting an iron restraint upon himself, answered only with a sneer:

"Why should this concern you, when I shall have the Honorable Secretary's consent with only one condition named, which is that this alliance shall be to the happiness of the lady, and Mees Nanny was already assuring me of this when you did us the honor so unexpectedly to be present?"

Nanny started forward with an eager protest:

"No, no, John; I——"

John put out his hand to stay her words, and said without removing his eyes from the Prince:

"Your statement is not borne out by the facts. I heard and came in response to my cousin's cry of alarm—a cry which any other of your guests could have heard and have interpreted as well. When I reached here I found her trying to free herself from your grasp. Your statement is false."

The Prince clenched his hands and burst out passionately:

"You shall be answerable to me, sir, for this charge. I now demand to know by what right you interfere?"

"My right as kinsman and——"

"Bah! It is a good cloak, that of kinsman, but it is now threadbare. Do you think I have not seen the farce? I will

DRAWN BY HENRY HUTT

HE PLACED THE STONE IN HER HAND, AND PARTLY CLOSED HER FINGERS AROUND IT

tell you, sir, why you interfere. You are my rival; you love Mees Nanny yourself."

The Prince had lost his head altogether or he never would have thrown out such a challenge. John stood immovable. There was, perhaps, an added line around his mouth. He said coldly:

"I am not in the lists, Prince Constantine."

"Not in the lists, no; but deny in so many words that you love her, also, else your plea of disinterested kinsman will fall to the ground."

John did not answer nor move a muscle of his set face.

"Deny it; deny it if you can or dare!" continued the Prince excitedly.

Something suddenly roused in John Romaine. A fire leaped to his eyes, and he exclaimed in a voice in which was a clear ring of passion:

"I deny—nothing."

The Prince breathed out a long-drawn, ejaculative "Ah!"

For a moment all was still.

It was just here that a new purpose or a new courage took possession of Nanny and made her assume control of the situation. She had been timid, girlish, and overborne throughout, only venturing a protest once and again; but now she placed her hand on the back of a chair with a tense grasp, and with all the soft outlines of her face set in stern resolve, said in a voice of commanding authority:

"Not another word must be spoken here to-day on this subject. Too much has already been said." Then turning to the Prince she continued: "If you care, Prince Constantine, for a formal answer to the honor you have just done me, I shall be glad to give it to you at the proper time and place. All three of us must return together to the guests in the studio at once with as much smiling grace as we can command, and then, Cousin John, if you will find my carriage I will make my adieus."

She turned swiftly to the doorway and lifted aside the heavy tapestry. Of course there was nothing that the two men could do but obey, and as each crossed the threshold he assumed a mask which hid for the moment the angry passion behind it.

Nanny never quite knew afterward how she passed the ordeal of the studio nor how she made her adieus to the Prince. There was a perfect din of gay speech and laughter from every part of the room, while over and above it all the Chevalier's thin tenor could be heard trilling out "Ninon, Ninon." But at last she found herself seated in the carriage, with John standing on the curbstone with uplifted hat. She said to him half-imploringly:

"Please come with me, John. I have something that I must say to you."

He took his place beside her, and they drove in almost entire silence to the Secretary's house. Nanny led the way to a small smoking-room used by the Secretary, and shutting the door carefully, she stood with her back against it, and facing John began nervously, with a little embarrassed laugh:

"Please scold me, John."

"Scold you? Why, Nanny, when did I ever scold you or even find fault with you?"

He did not look at her, but played with a cigar cutter that lay on the table. He was still under the influence of the scene in the Prince's studio. Nanny went on haltingly:

"I am going to make a clean breast of it to you, John. I——"

He interrupted quickly and with scarcely suppressed agitation:

"Tell me only one thing, Nanny; what is your answer to be to the Prince?"

"I'm coming to that, John; I——"

"Yes or no, Nanny?" he demanded.

A great wave of color spread over her face. She tried to return her cousin's direct gaze, but failed, and answered almost inaudibly: "No."

There was a pause which was full of constraint. Then Nanny began speaking rapidly and defensively:

"I know just what you are thinking, John. You are thinking that I am to blame in this affair with the Prince. So I am, but I want to explain from the beginning. I could not help being fascinated and flattered by him, and it is the first time that I have ever had such devotion offered me. So, in spite of uncle's dislike to everything and everybody un-American, in spite of his quoting Daniel Webster's patriotic utterances to me by the hour, the idea grew upon me that in order to be popular I must first be a success with the diplomats; and I don't mind confessing that I have often been bored to death, and would have preferred almost any one of our own men, no matter how insignificant, until I met the Prince. Well, John, you know what that meant. I was the envy of nearly every other woman in society, and I naturally began to think that I should like to be a Princess, and be adored, and all that—and finally I realized that the Prince was really offering me his love; and John—you don't know how awfully lonely I have always been. I have been starved—literally starved for affection. I have always had all that money could give, but, somehow, when it comes to affection—well, money doesn't seem to count much; and I have never had father, mother, sister or brother to—to——"

She broke down for an instant, and then went on:

"The Prince is in no way to be blamed. He thought that I cared for him, and I thought so, too. But to-day I knew beyond all doubt when I stood in that dreadful room and looked into his face, and felt his kisses, that I could never go away with him from—uncle and home—and—and——"

She was entirely overcome. She covered her face with her hands and gave a half-sob. With that sob all the hardly maintained composure, all the stern resolutions to resist were swept from John Romaine. He found himself beside her, with one arm thrown protectingly around her and her head resting against him, while he stroked her hair. He seemed able only to murmur over and over: "Poor little Nanny!"

After a moment or two he began to speak in a low voice as he continued to stroke her hair, so near his lips:

"Poor, lonely little girl; and there has been at your side all the time a strong, unwavering love almost crying out to you for recognition and response. Why, Nanny, ever since I was a gawky, hobbledehoy boy I have loved you. When I came home from college in my first young manhood, I loved you. It did not take Uncle John long to discover the state of affairs with me, and he begged me to remain silent, for your sake. He gave me wise and good reasons why I should do so. You had had no chance to see anything of the world. You had met few eligible men. You possessed a great fortune, and it was your right to be left untrammeled. So I went away. I came here to Washington to follow my particular bent, and then Uncle John was offered this Cabinet portfolio, and he came, bringing you to preside over his house. And then this winter you met Prince Constantine——"

John broke off here and the pause was eloquent. Nanny buried her face in his coat. Then he went on in a different key and with swifter words:

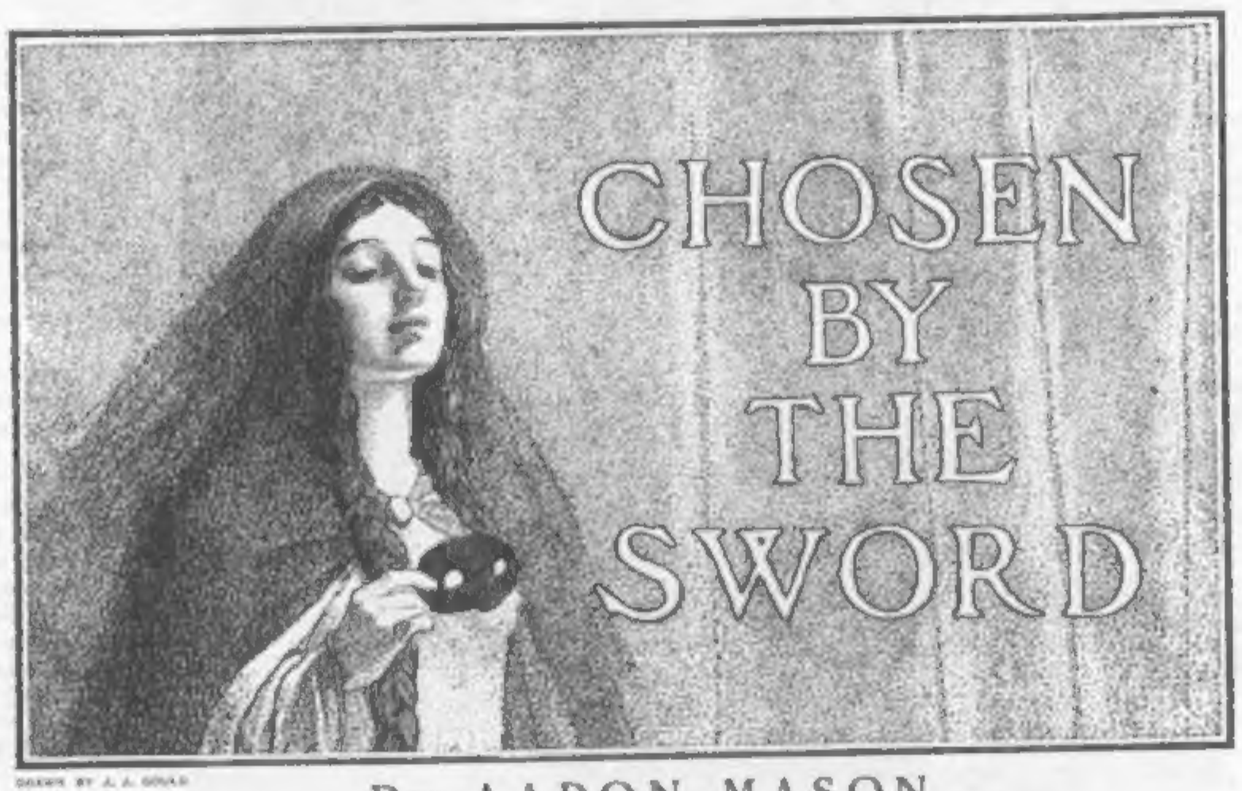
"This last winter has been both rack and thumbscrew to me, but even with all its suffering I would gladly have endured it over again if by so doing such a marriage and such a position would have made you happy, but now——"

"Now what, John?" she asked in a low, smothered voice.

"Now, little Nanny, the embargo of silence may surely be lifted from me. It is due to you as a woman and to me as a man that you should know of my love for you and that you should decide for yourself. You have refused, or you will refuse, a Prince; but what are you going to do with the pauper who stands here begging of you?"

She twisted a button around on his coat with nervous fingers, and then, looking up half-shyly, said simply:

"The Prince may go, but this other love which has been mine so long—ah! John, I shall keep the pauper for myself."



DRAWN BY J. A. GOLD

By AARON MASON

ON A GRAY November evening, in the year 1151, a hundred armed men marched over the English country from Swinton Castle to the Convent of St. Botolphs. They were under the leadership of an old man in the habit of a pilgrim, who, notwithstanding the cold northeaster which was blowing over the fens, rode bareheaded before them. At the gate of the convent they halted, and several of the men battered with their mail-clad fists and the hilts of their swords on the huge port.

"Who is there?" cried a voice which creaked like an uneasy hinge.

"The Knights of Swinton," answered the graybeard, in deep, thick tones.

"Whom seek you?" creaked the voice from within.

"The young Lord of Swinton," replied the old man.

To this there was no reply; but after a few minutes the door opened and the Palmer was admitted alone. He was led into the presence of the Countess of Swinton, who was now the Abbess of St. Botolphs.

The old man stated his case. Swinton had been lordless for fifteen years, and given over to rapine and robbery by the neighboring barons, because the lady would breed her son to the church. "I have answered you before," the Abbess said coldly in reply. "My son shall not forth from these walls."

"My lady," said the Palmer, "the Knights of Swinton are also determined. They will have their lord. It is as easy to die by the King's hand for sacking a nunnery as by a thievish Earl's hand which has robbed our granaries and driven our cattle."

The Abbess was silent a moment. "Thou art a wise man," she said slowly.

The old man bowed, flattered by her change of manner.

"Could one as wise as thou," she continued, "choose a man, veiled and gowned, from among forty women in like guise?"

"I doubt it little," answered the graybeard.

"Then come again to-morrow, and I will give thee such a choice—on this condition: that thou swear for thy followers not to molest us if, in three guesses, thou choose not my son."

"I swear," answered the pilgrim. And he kissed the crucifix she held out to him.

On the morrow the Abbess sat at a table within the gate of the Convent of St. Botolphs. Around her, in two semicircular lines, stood forty young women, veiled and gowned in black, but only for the occasion—for most of them were young ladies placed under her care till the day when their affianced lords should carry them home, or until such time as they should take the veil and devote their young lives to the narrow world within the convent walls.

An old porter stood at the gate which was open, and gazed over the country. Most of his attention was devoted to a little wooded hill that began to rise about a hundred yards to the northeast of the gate. Presently from the wood there issued some hundred armed men. They marched down the hill—perhaps twenty of them were riding—until within bow-shot of the gate, formed into a loose double line, and halted. Then an old man, followed by two knights, came forward. The old man entered the gate.

"Why thy two swords, old man?" asked the Abbess, as he neared the place where she was seated.

"This," said the pilgrim, with his hand on his hip, "is for any possible treason; and this," he continued, drawing the other from its sheath and laying it on the table, "is for the use of your son, the young Earl of Swinton."

"My son is for the church, Sir Graybeard," answered the Abbess, smiling as she noticed the old man's close scrutiny of the line of maidens. "He needs no sword."

"Thy women are closely veiled, my lady," answered the old man. "I shall need all my keenness to choose a man from these."

"They are as we agreed," replied the Abbess. "Didst thou think to outwit a woman?" She showed her white teeth as she said this, and a perceptible titter ran along the line of veiled women—one of the figures almost shook with merriment.

"Here is my choice," said the Franklin at last, laying his hand upon a tall, strong figure, the muscles of whose arms showed plainly, even through the heavy draping.

The Abbess now laughed aloud. "Drop thy veil, Annette," said she, "and show the graybeard the kind of man thou art."

"They laugh best who laugh last, my lady," answered the old man, his discomfiture making him almost rude. "I have yet two choices. Here is my second."

He pointed to a figure through whose veil an elongated chin and an aquiline nose were very plainly outlined. The veil was dropped, and disclosed a mask.

"Doff thy falsity, Lucille," said the Abbess.

She did not laugh now. She was watching too closely the old man. He had retreated slowly, almost imperceptibly to the gate, and stood beside the decrepit porter. As the mask fell from the novice's face and disclosed features almost ridiculously feminine, he drew his sword with one hand, and crying, "Then choose I with this!" blew a shrill blast on a little silver bugle at his girdle. It was a signal. He set his foot to the open grate, toward which came galloping the armed knights from the foot of the hill.

The Abbess rose to her feet. The veiled and unveiled women fled—screaming. But one of them stayed beside the Abbess. She, a slight and frail-appearing figure, stepped to the table, seized the naked sword, and, as she stripped the veil from her face, and it also must be owned the clothing from her right arm and shoulder, said quietly to the Abbess:

"Fear nothing, madam. I will protect you."

The knights halted at the gate and waited silently.

"Madam," said the old man, "behold my third choice!"

The Abbess bit her lip.

"My son's boldness and not thy ruse hath outwitted me, Sir Graybeard," she said.

The old man bowed.

"Henri," said the Abbess, turning to her son, "which wouldst thou rather? To live Sir Knight or Sir Monk?"

"Sir Knight, mother," answered the boy.

"Thou hast thy choice," she said, and turned away, leaving him with the old man.

The MAKING of a JOURNALIST

By JULIAN RALPH

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THERE was a time in my newspaper career when it was hardly possible that any one supposed I should ever be competent to serve as a lamp to the feet of the humblest beginner. One of my own beginnings was in the position of local editor of the Tom's River Courier, a country weekly in New Jersey, to which paper I went with flattering recommendations. The editor, Thomas F. Joy, was deep and active in politics, and owned the only newspaper and printing office in the place. I arrived on the night before election, and was left alone in the printing office to get accustomed to my surroundings.

While I moved about the place, examining the machinery and type, a deputation of very respectable-looking citizens called and inquired for the proprietor. They knew that he had gone to bed to dream of his cleverness in having stifled all opposition to his political plans, knowing that his were the only ballots that had been printed, and that his circulars were the only arguments which were in circulation among his townspeople. Of all this I knew nothing, for I had not been three hours in the place. The shrewd men who called upon me had exactly taken my measure. They were sure that I would be anxious to do anything to distinguish myself on my first night in the town, and were equally certain that I could not see through their tricks. They told me what close friends they were with my employer, and urged me to repair some serious blunders which had been made in printing the election ballots. Eagerly I did my best to oblige them. I worked the whole night long. I set up a new ballot and printed thousands of copies of it. I set up a new circular and printed copies of that, also, by the thousand. Long after daybreak I went to my hotel, got my bath and coffee and returned to the office of the Courier, proud of my industry. My pride was of short duration. The kindly editor of the preceding evening was now transformed into a very demon of ill temper. He anathematized me as I never had been and never have been since. He said I would never know enough to use an umbrella when it rained or to tell a gold coin from a bone button. I was not only dismissed forthwith, but I was almost blown out of his office by the tornado of his wrath.

The reason for this was explained when I mingled with the townspeople. Then I found that, ever so innocently, I had equipped the editor's opponents in politics with the means of completely defeating his plans. His rivals made a hero of me and proposed to establish me at the head of a newspaper of my own, but I was so humiliated over the way I had been duped that I would have none of their good will.

A LIBEL SUIT THAT NEVER CAME TO TRIAL

My management of my first and only libel suit does not now seem to have been full of promise for one who would pose as an adept in the art of making a newspaper. I was then local editor of The Standard, in Red Bank, in the same State, a town in which there dwelt a noisy, tippling, scandal-mongering man whom all decent folk avoided. In a perfect state of civilization it would be impossible to slander or libel such a creature, who starts with no character, and can no more be damaged by truth or falsehood than you can hurt a bad egg by pointing at it with the finger of scorn. However, civilization was not (at that time) perfected in Red Bank, N. J., and when I published a few wholesome truths about this scamp he had the audacity to threaten to sue The Standard for damages. At this point the reader may need to be informed that the average editor dreads a libel suit beyond anything in the world. Some editors are suspected of looking under their beds every night for fear there may be a libel suit in hiding there. If all editors hated an untruth as they do a libel suit we should be basking in a journalistic millennium. I, who did not know all this, was simply astounded at the assurance of my victim in daring to pretend that he was libeled. One day, when I was in charge of the office, at the age of twenty, he clambered up the steep flight of stairs to see the editor. I told him I was acting for that dignitary. "You have treated me shamefully," said he. "Well, what more do you want?" I asked. "If you are not satisfied there is plenty left to publish."

"I demand an apology," said he. At that I exclaimed: "Confound you, you old reprobate! Leave this instant or I'll throw you out of the window and—more than that—I'll thrash you every time I see you upon the street." "You shall sweat for this," said he. "You shall go bankrupt for this." Without another warning I lifted the man in my arms and threw him down the stairs. A hush fell upon the establishment. It would have fallen similarly upon the whole journalistic profession could all have known what I had done, for never was threat of a libel suit met in that fashion before. The editor came and behaved like a dead man, he was so frightened. As for my victim, the only thing he ever did was to get out of my way whenever he saw me out-of-doors during the next year or longer. Nevertheless, I do not recommend this method of meeting libel suits. The little boy who said that pins have saved thousands of lives merely "by not swallowing them" was right; in the same way libel suits have kept thousands of editors prosperous "by not having them."

I should have liked to finish this series with two more chapters (I find I could easily provide material for half a dozen more, but two would suffice). One should be made up of incidents illustrating the value of absolute and incorruptible honesty in every writer for the press; the other should explain and exploit the value of what the first American college boys who went to England to row upon the Thames called "the get-there stroke." These two things—getting what we go for and keeping clean hands and open minds—are the surest elements of success in the craft.

PERSEVERANCE THAT FINALLY WON

At the Dreyfus trial I met a young man who lived in Paris as the correspondent of a London daily, and who told me that he secured his place by writing two pieces of news every day and sending them to that paper in London. During the first three months only three of his contributions were published. During the next three months very many were published. Then he asked for a salary and it was given to him.

By his side there often sat, at Rennes, one of the oldest and most distinguished of English war correspondents. He had been sent, during the war between the United States and Spain, to describe affairs in Havana. Cuba was blockaded by American war-ships, but Mr. E. F. Knight, to whom I am referring, induced a ship captain to run the blockade and let him make his way ashore in a small boat. During the better part of two days that little boat was rolled upside down and rightside up in a tempest-lashed sea, and when at last he reached the shore he was at once thrown into prison as a spy. But he got there—to Havana, where he was sent. And he got there by the pertinacity which must have given him his first success and must continue to be his trump card so long as he plays this trying game. There is no resting on one's oars in this profession—no period of ease, no matter how well earned—no drowsy evening in the day of any correspondent's life. Mark that, whoever would enter the lists. Harbor no idle notion that you can win a different ending by special effort or ability. The harder you work the higher you may rise, but the higher you go the harder you must work.

Indomitable perseverance is not a quality upon which newspaper men hold an exclusive copyright, but it is one of the foremost requirements for preferment in our guild, and it is so much in evidence with us that I forget at times that any one may possess it, and I am freshly astonished each time that I see it employed in other walks of life. In the course of one of my journeys abroad I came upon an attaché of a United States Minister whose duty it was to master the secrets of the military prominence of the country to which he had been sent. The dangerous and delicate expedients to which he resorted to get at these other people's secrets, the persistence, patience and enthusiasm with which he conducted his work, the disregard he showed for his own comfort and convenience make him a shining mark among men in my memory. I have known him to buy his way into a factory and to write with both hands—upon pieces of paper in his overcoat pockets—plans and notes of a piece of military machinery while pretending to be examining something else in another part of the room—some innocent apparatus like a pump or a turbine. And then I have known him to go home and work until broad daylight deciphering and elaborating the extraordinary notes he had made in his pockets. Secrecy like that is seldom necessary in the newspaper business, but such a "get-there stroke" would be sure to win a correspondent quick advancement.

PUTTING INTO PRACTICE THE "GET-THERE STROKE"

I remember an amusing instance of my own "get-there" success. There had been a fire panic in a theatre, and this turned public attention to the question of the safety of the New York playhouses. We newspaper men knew that, though nearly all looked fair to the eye, most of the theatres were mere fire-traps, slenderly built, ill provided with exits, and so carelessly managed at the stage ends that nearly every one was, behind the scenes, a dangerous clutter of extra-inflammable material. When I set out to investigate the stage and dressing-rooms of every playhouse, admission was refused me at theatre after theatre. In spite of this, the work had to be done; therefore I went to an official of the Fire Department and induced him to obtain for me a suit of fireman's clothing and to constitute me an extra watchman at the theatres, with leave to watch in any and all of them. Every night I dressed myself up as a fireman and presented myself at the stage door of one of the theatres. I could not be shut out, and as I aroused no suspicion that I was masquerading, no one tried to stop me. I enjoyed some famous talks with the leading American and English actors and actresses then playing in New York, during which they told me the most astounding facts about the shabby and dangerous quarters allotted to performers behind the scenes. Every day my reports appeared and puzzled and distressed the managers. But I did not begin writing them until I had visited more than half the theatres, and I never betrayed the manner in which I obtained the startling information which was thus conveyed to the public.

I suppose I could have obtained a hundred dollars from each of several theatres for glossing over the faults in their construction and management—but what a fool I should have been to take such money! Think of the plight of a man in a country possessing an honest press once he becomes suspected of "earning money at both ends of his work!" Note the worthlessness of the French press, which is almost altogether dishonest, the shabby standing of French journalists, their poor earnings, the precarious existence of most of the journals for which they write. I hear of critics at home whose houses are full of costly presents from those they have "puffed" and those they have spared. I hear of financial reporters who speculate on 'Change. I know of newspapers whose opinions and reading columns are open for purchase. Of all such I know that either ruin or lowered standing and greatly lessened profits are the result. The highest success and the greatest profits proceed, in the newspaper business, from serving the public single-heartedly, thoroughly, and with enthusiasm. Of all my work I am proudest of my service as a legislative reporter during two corrupt sessions of the Legislature of New York.

SAVING MILLIONS OF MONEY FOR THE STATE

The editor of a Buffalo evening newspaper once wrote that four or five of us New York correspondents (Mr. Merlin, Mr. Spinney, Mr. Alvord or Mr. Hugh Hastings and myself) had saved the people of the State many millions of dollars by simply disregarding our own opportunities for gain and protecting the public treasury against the scoundrels who tried to rob it. It is the literal truth, and though I earned only seventy-five dollars a week and the excitement of exposing and angering the thieves, I never regretted the course I adopted. One of these light-fingered imitation statesmen was so kind as to offer me a thousand dollars down and a steady rain of heavy bribes if I would mend my ways. He truly said I might ride in my carriage if I would accept him as a counselor and guide. But I knew a correspondent who was already in the pay of "the Black Horse Cavalry" (as we called the treasury raiders) and already rode in his carriage, and I knew that he was so despised of all men that, as I said, "I might take the money, but I should feel obliged to drown myself right afterward for fear I might see myself in a looking-glass." The man who tried to corrupt me afterward confessed that he was so afraid of God and his conscience that he dared not spend a night alone in bed, and therefore brought his little son to Albany to sleep with him. One day a combination of men was formed to remove me from my place, and a man of dignity and high position was sent to Mr. Charles A. Dana, my editor, to tell him that I was pursuing a mistaken policy and doing my newspaper a great deal of harm. "Yes, yes," said the great editor, "I suppose he does make mistakes, but we will keep him where he is because he is honest."

Editor's Note—This is the twelfth and last of Mr. Ralph's papers on The Making of a Journalist. In next week's Post will appear a short story by Robert Barr, entitled Improving the Postal Service, which will serve as a postscript to the series.

Secretary Root as an Interviewer

ONE of the chief peculiarities of Elihu Root, the Secretary of War, is his ability as a listener. He listens without prejudice, which is one of the rarest of all gifts. To a club member this gift is indispensable if he wants to rise to office, and Mr. Root has been President at one time or another of almost every club he has belonged to. The growth of the War Secretary has been slow. But it has been sure. As a lawyer he has had the genius of industry, and early in his professional life he learned the value of preparing both sides of every case he had. As a result, he frequently knew more about his adversary's case than his adversary did himself. This thoroughness gave him an enviable standing at the bar. Long before he was generally known he was made United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York. That was years ago, and many laymen thought the President was appointing an incompetent man because he was comparatively unknown, but Mr. Root's public services demonstrated the wisdom of his choice.

Not only has Mr. Root a genius for listening, but he rivals Li Hung Chang in his ability to interview an interviewer. The other day a well-known New York reporter was sent to Washington to obtain the Secretary's plans for ending the Philippine insurrection. When he returned he was asked what he had got.

"Got?" replied the reporter soulfully. "Got nothing. The Secretary saw me all right, and I told him nearly all I know about the newspaper business, and was just starting in to tell him how to own your own house on fifty dollars a week, when an assistant secretary broke in to consult him about a matter of business and I had to go."

A SCOTS GRAMMAR SCHOOL

By IAN MACLAREN

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THE DISGRACE OF MR. BYLES

BULLDOG'S Southern assistant had tried the patience of the Seminary by various efforts to improve its mind and manners, but when he proposed at the beginning of the autumn term to occupy Saturdays with botanical excursions to Kilspindie Woods, which, as everybody knows, are three miles from Muirtown and a paradise of pheasants, it was felt that if there was any moral order in the universe something must happen.

From the middle of September, when the school opened, on to the beginning of October, when football started, our spare time was given to kites, which we flew from the North Meadow, in the equinoctial gales, gloriously. Spiug had one of heroic size, with a figure of a dragon upon it painted in blue and yellow and red—the red for the fire coming out of his mouth—and a tail of eight joints, ending in a bunch of hay fastened with a ribbon. None but a sportsman like Spiug could have launched the monster from the ground—bigger than Peter by a foot—and nursed him through the lower spaces till he caught the wind, and held him in the higher as he tore upward and forward till he was but the size of a man's hand in the clear autumn sky. Then Peter would lie down upon his back, with his hands below his head, and the stick with the kite string beneath his feet, and gaze up at the speck above, with an expression so lifted above this present world that a circle of juniors could only look at him with silent admiration and speculate whether they would ever become so good and great.

It must not be thought, however, that kite-flying was chiefly done upon your back, for it gave endless opportunities for intricate manœuvres and spectacular display. When Peter was in the vein he would collect twelve mighties—each with a kite worth seeing—and, bringing the kites low enough for the glory of their size and tails to be visible, they would turn and wheel and advance and retire, keeping line and distance with such accuracy that Sergeant MacGlashan would watch the review with keen interest and afterward give his weighty approval. Then the band would work their way up to the head of the meadow in the teeth of a northwester, and, forming in line, with half a dozen yards between each boy, would let the kites go and follow them at the run as they tore through the air and almost pulled their owners' arms out of the sockets.

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It was so fine a demonstration that the women bleaching their clothes would pick up half a dozen of the good man's shirts to let Spiug keep his course—knowing also that he would have kept it otherwise over the shirts—and golfers, who expect every one to get out of their way on pain of sudden death, would stop upon the putting-green to see the kites go down in the wind, with the laddies, red-faced and bareheaded, at their heels. If the housewives shook their heads as they spread out the shirts on the grass again—weighing them down with clean stones that they might not follow the kites—it was with secret delight, for there is no wholesome woman who does not rejoice in a boy and regard his most vexatious mischief with charity. And old Major MacLeod, the keenest of golfers, and the most touchy of Celts, declared that this condemned old island was not dead yet when it could turn out such a gang of sturdy young ruffians. And it was instead of such a mighty play that Mr. Byles proposed to take the Seminary for a botanical excursion.

—would let the kites go

It was in the mathematical classroom that Mr. Byles announced the new departure, and, even if Bulldog had not been keeping watch with an inscrutable countenance, the school was too much amazed to interrupt. Having touched on the glories of the creation amid which we lived, Mr. Byles pointed out, in what the newspapers call "neat and well-chosen terms," that it was not enough to learn mathematics as they all did so diligently—Jock Howieson's eye turned instinctively to Bulldog's cane—but they must also know some natural science in order to become, as he hoped they would, cultured men. Spiug was just able to cast a longing glance at Thomas John. That no pursuit was easier nor more delightful than botany, especially among wild flowers. That on Saturday he proposed to go with as many as would join him to ransack the treasures of Kilspindie Woods. That these woods were very rich, he believed, in flowers, among which he mentioned geraniums—at which the school began to recover and rustle. That the boys might dry the geraniums and make books for Christmas presents with them, and that he hoped to see an herbarium in the Seminary, containing all the wild flowers of the district. The school was now getting into good spirits, and Bulldog allowed his eye to fall on Spiug. That any boy who desired to improve his mind was to put on his oldest suit and bring a bag to carry the plants in, and be in front of the Seminary at nine to-morrow. Then Bulldog brought his cane down on the

"Ye're a limb o' Satan, Peter MacGuffie"

desk with energy and dismissed the school, and Nestie told Peter that his mouth had begun to twitch.

Outside, the school collected together on the terrace around the Russian guns, which was our Forum, and after five seconds' pause, during which we gathered inspiration from each other's faces, a shout of laughter went up to the sky, full-toned, unanimous, prolonged. Any sense of humor in the Seminary was practical, and Mr. Byles' botany class, with expeditions, was irresistible.

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"Geraniums," cried Howieson, who was immensely tickled; "it cowes a'. An' what was the ither flooer—'herbarries'? It's michty; it'll be poppies an' mustard seed next. Spiug, ye'll be making a book for a present to Bulldog."

"Tak care o' yir'sel," Bauldie shouted to the Dowbiggins, who were making off, as mass meetings did not agree with them, "an' see ye dinna wet yir feet or dirty yir hands. Ye'll get yir wheeps at home if ye do. Gie us a bit o' Byles, Nestie," and then there was instant silence, for Nestie had a nice trick of mimicry which greatly endeared him to a school where delicate gifts were rare.

"S-silence, if you please," and Nestie held up his hand with Mr. Byles' favorite, polite, deprecating gesture. "I hear a smile. Remember, d-dear boys, that this is a serious s-subject. Do p-please sit quiet. Peter MacGuffie; your fidgeting is very t-trying, indeed, and I 'ope—I mean h-hope—you will make an effort to l-learn. This, my l-lads, is a common object of Nature which I 'old—that is, hold—in my h-hands—Howieson, I must ask you not to annoy Thomas John Dowbiggin—the c-color is a lovely gold, yet—no talking, if you please, it is r-rude—we pass it every day without n-notice. Each boy may take a dandelion h-home to his sister. Now go hout—or rather out—quietly."

"Gosh, it's just Byles to the ground!" cried Bauldie; and Johnston passed a half-stick of gundy to Nestie to refresh him after his labors. "Are ony o' ye chaps goin'? It wud be worth seein' Byles traking thro' the Kilspindie Woods, with the bleatin' sheep o' Dowbiggins at his heels, carryin' an airmful o' roots an' sic like."

"Ye'll no catch me tramping oot at the tail o' Byles an' a litter o' Dowbiggins!"—and Jock was very emphatic. "Dod, it'll just be like a procession o' MacMuldrow's lassies, two an' two, an' maybe airm in airm!"

This fearful suggestion settled the matter for the Seminary, as a score of its worthies marching across the bridge in the interests of science, like a boarding-school, would be a scandal forever. So it was agreed that a body of sympathizers should see the Byles expedition off next morning, and then hold a field day of kites in the meadow.

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The deterioration of the best is the worst, and that means that when a prim, conventional, respectable man takes in his head to dress as a Bohemian the effect will be remarkable. Byles had been anxious to show that he could be quite the gay rustic when he pleased, and he was got up in a cap, much crushed, and a gray flannel shirt, with a collar corresponding, and no tie, and a suit of brown tweeds, much stained with futile chemical experiments. He was also equipped with a large canvas bag, slung over his shoulder, and a hammock net, which, he explained, could be slung from a tree and serve as a resting-place if it were damp beneath. The Dowbiggins had entered into the spirit of the thing, and were in clothes reserved for their country holidays. They had each an umbrella, large and bulgy, and altogether were a pair of objects to whom no one would have lent a shilling. Cosh, whose attack on Nestie had made him a social outcast, had declared himself a convert to natural science, and was sucking up to Byles, and two harmless little chaps, who thought that they would like to know something about flowers, made up the Botanical Society.

They were a lonely little group standing on the terrace, while Mr. Byles was securing a trowel and other instruments of war from his room, but a large and representative gathering of the Seminary did their best to cheer and instruct them.

Howieson insisted that the bottle of milk which bulged from the bag of the younger Dowbiggin contained spirituous liquors, and warned the two juniors to keep clear of him and to resist every temptation to drinking. He also expressed an earnest hope that a rumor flying around the school about tobacco was not true. But the smell on Dowbiggin's clothes was horrid. Cosh was affectionately exhorted to have a tender care of his health and personal appearance, not to bully Lord Kilspindie's gamekeepers, nor to put his foot into a steel trap, nor to meddle with the rabbits, nor to fall into the Tay, but, above all things, not to tell lies.

Thomas John was beset with requests—that he would leave a lock of his hair in case he should not return; that he would mention the name of the pawnbroker from whom he got his clothes; that he would bring home a bouquet of wild flowers for Bulldog; that he would secure a supply of turnips to make lanterns for Hallowe'en; that he would be kind to Mr. Byles and see that he took a rest in his net; that he would be careful to gather up any "h's" that Mr. Byles might drop on the road, and that he should not use bad language under any circumstances.

"Never mind what those boys say, Thomas," said Mr. Byles, who had come out in time to catch the last exhortation; "it is far better to himprove, I mean cultivate, the mind than to fly kites like a set of children; but we all hope that you will have a nice fly, don't we, boys?" And sarcasm from so feeble a quarter might have provoked a demonstration had not Byles and his flock been blotted out by an amazing circumstance. As the botanists started, Spiug, who had maintained an unusual silence all morning, joined the body along with Nestie, and gave Mr. Byles to understand that he also was hungering for scientific research. After their friends had recovered themselves they buzzed around the two, who were following the Dowbiggins with an admirable

affectation of sedateness, but received no satisfaction. Spiug contented himself with warning off a dozen henchmen, who had fallen in by him with the idea of forming a mock procession, and then giving them a wink of extraordinary suggestiveness. But Nestie was more communicative, and explained the situation at length:

"Peter was a b-botanist all the time, but he did not know it; he fairly loves g-geraniums, and is sorry that he wasted his time on k-kites and snowballs. We are going to impwove our m-minds, and we don't want you to trouble us." But this was not knowledge.

It remained a mystery, and when Jock and Bauldie tailed off at the bridge, and Spiug, half way across, turned around and winked again, it was with regret that they betook themselves to their kites, and more than once they found themselves casting longing glances to the distant woods, where Spiug was now pursuing the study of botany.

"Bauldie," said Jock suddenly, as the kites hung motionless in the sky, "this is weel enough, but, tak' my word for't, it's naething to the game they're playin' in yon woods."

"Div ye mean howkin' geraniums, for I canna see muckle game in that; I wud as soon dig potatoes." Bauldie, though a man of his hands, had a prosaic mind and little imagination.

"Geraniums! ger —— havers, that's no' what Spiug is after, ye bet. He's got a big splore (exploit) on hand, or he never crossed Muirtown Brig in such company. Man, Bauldie, I peety Byles, I do. Peter'll lose the lot o' them in the woods, or he'll stick them in a bog, or"—and Jock could hardly hold his kite—"what div ye say to this, man: he'll row them over to Woody Island an' leave them there till Monday, with naething but bread an' milk, an' the net to sleep in." And the joy of Jock and Bauldie at this cheerful prospect was rather a testimony to their faith in Peter's varied ability than a proof of sympathy with their fellows.

If Spiug was playing the fox he gave no sign on the way to the woods, for he was a model of propriety, and laid himself out to be agreeable. He showed an unwonted respect for the feelings of the Dowbiggins, so that these two young gentlemen relaxed the vigilant attention with which they usually regarded Spiug; and he was quite affable with Cosh. As for the master, Peter simply placed himself at Mr. Byles' service, expatiating on the extent of the woods and their richness in flowers—"just fair scatted up wi' geraniums an' the rest o' them"; offering to take the expedition by the nearest way to the treasures, and especially insisting on the number and beauty and tameness of the pheasants, till Mr. Byles was charmed and was himself surprised at the humanizing influence of scientific pursuits.

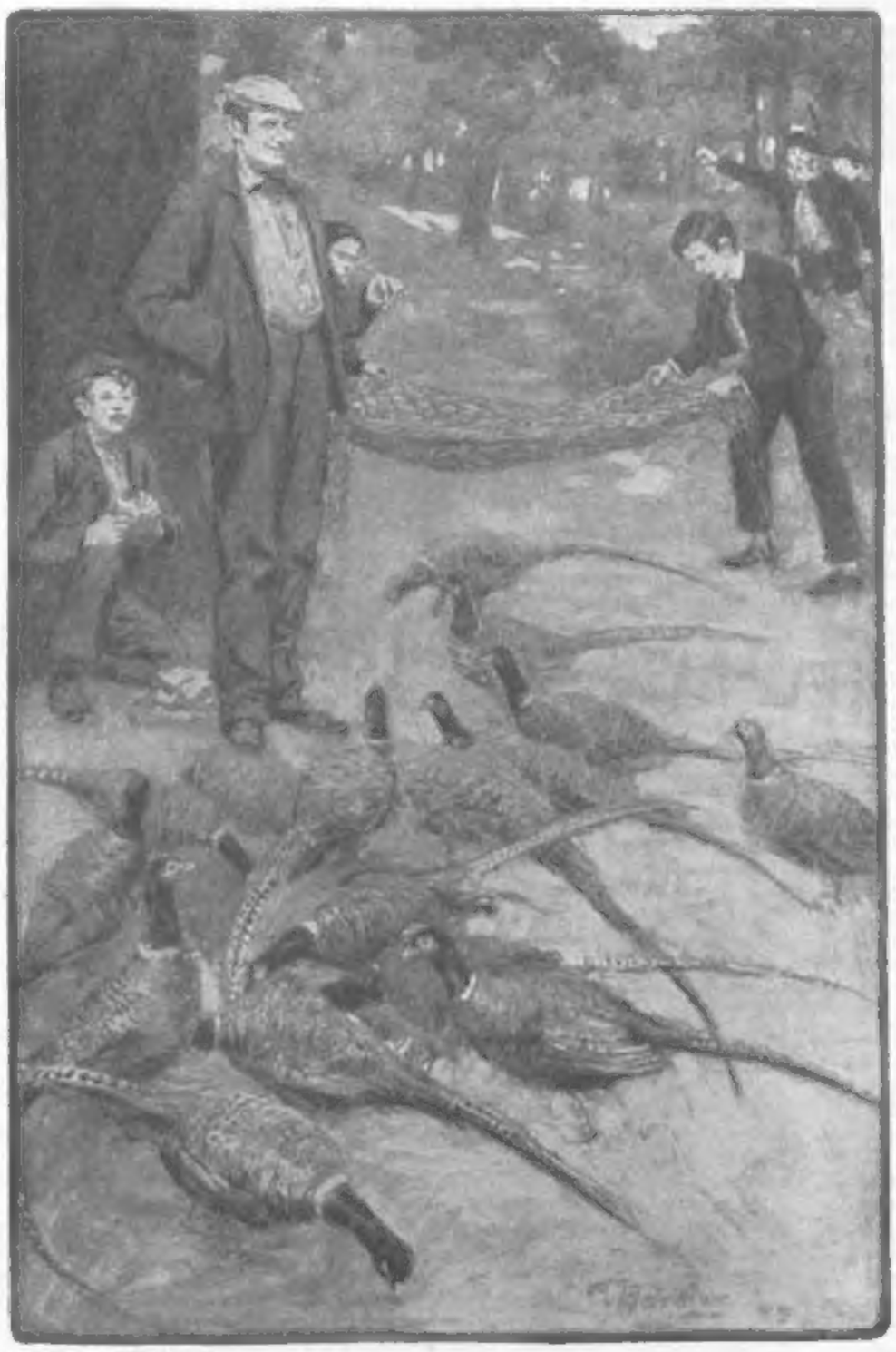
Nor had Peter boasted vainly of his wood lore, for he led them by so direct a way that before they came to the place of flowers, the expedition—except Nestie and the two little chaps, whom Spiug sent around to a selected rendezvous—had climbed five dykes, all with loose stones, fought through three thickets very prickly indeed, crawled underneath two hedges, crossed three burns, one coming up to the knees, and mired themselves times without number. Cosh had jostled against Spiug in leaping from one dry spot to another, and came down rolling in the mud, which made his appearance, from behind, wonderful; Spiug, in helping Thomas John out of a very entangling place, had been so zealous that the seat had been almost entirely detached from Thomas John's trousers, and, although Mr. Byles had done his best with pins, the result was not edifying; his brother's straw hat had fallen in the exact spot where Spiug landed as he jumped from a wall, and was of no further service, and so the younger Dowbiggin—"who is so refined in his ways," as his mother used to say—wore as his headgear a handkerchief which had been used for cleaning the mud from his clothes.

Upon Mr. Byles, whom fate might have spared, misfortunes had accumulated. His trousers had been sadly mangled from the knee downward as he crawled through a hole, and had to be wound around his legs with string, and, although Spiug had pulled his cap out of a branch, he had done his work so hastily as to leave the peak behind, and he was so clumsy, with the best intentions, that he allowed another branch to slip, which caught Mr. Byles on the side of the head and left a mark above his eye, which distinctly suggested a prize fight to any one not acquainted with that gentleman's blameless character.

Peter himself had come unscathed from the perils of land and water, save a dash of mud here and there, and a suspicion of wet about his feet, which shows how bad people fare better than good. The company was so bedraggled and discouraged that their minds did not seem set on wild flowers, and in these circumstances Peter, ever obliging and thoughtful, led the botanists to a pleasant glade, away from thickets and bogs, where the pheasants made their home and swarmed by hundreds. They were so friendly that they gathered around the party, which was not wonderful, as a keeper fed them every day, but which Mr. Byles explained was due to the instinct of the beautiful creatures, "who know, my dear boys, that we love them." He enlarged on the cruelty of sport, and made the Dowbiggins promise that they would never shoot pheasants or any other game, and there is no reason to doubt that they kept their word, as they did not know one end of a gun from the other, and would no sooner have dared to fire one than they would have whistled on Sunday. A happy thought occurred to Mr. Byles, and he suggested that they should now have their lunch and feed the birds with the fragments. He was wondering, also, whether it would be wrong to snare one of the birds in the net, just to hold it and let it go again.

When things had come to this pass, and he never had expected anything so good, Spiug withdrew unobtrusively behind a clump of trees, and then ran swiftly to a hollow where Nestie was waiting with the juniors.

"Noo, my wee men," said Peter to the innocents, "div ye see that path? Cut along it as hard as ye can leg, and it'll bring ye to the Muirtown Road, an' never rest till ye be in yir own houses. For Byles an' these Dowbiggins are carryin' on sic a game wi' Lord Kilspindie's pheasants that I'm expectin' to see them in Muirtown jail before nicht. Ye may be thankful that I savit ye from sic company."



DRAWN BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

AND AS THE SIGHT OF MR. BYLES BURST ON HIS VIEW, THE HEAD KEEPER ALMOST LOST THE POWER OF SPEECH

"Nestie," Peter continued, when the boys had disappeared, "I've never clypit (told tales) once since I cam to the Seminary, but div ye no think that the head keeper should know that poachers are in the preserves?"

"It's a d-duty, Peter," as they ran to the keeper's house, "especially when there's a g-gang of them and such b-bad-looking fellows—v-vice just written on their faces."

"What young prodigals are you, comin' skelpin' along as if the dogs were aifter them?" and the head keeper came out from the kennels. "Oh, it's you, Spiug—an' what are ye doin' in the woods the day?—there's no eggs now." For sporting people are a confederacy, and there was not a coachman, nor groom, nor keeper, nor rat-catcher within twelve miles of Muirtown who did not know Peter.

"Nestie an' me were just out for a run to keep our wind richt, an' we cam on a man an' three boys among the pheasants in the low park."

"Among Lord Kilspindie's birds?"

"Well, I dinna ken if they were just poachin', but they were feedin' them, an' we saw a net."

"Sandie," shouted the head keeper, "an' you, Tom, get up oot o' yir beds this meenut; the poachers are aifter the pheasants. Takin' them alive, as I'm a livin' man, to sell them for stock; an' broad daylight; it beats everything. He'll be an old hand—frae Dundee, maist likely." And as the sight of Mr. Byles burst on his view, surrounded by trustful birds, and the two Dowbiggins trying very feebly to drop the net on a specially venturesome one, the head keeper almost lost the power of speech.

"Dinna let us interrupt ye," and Mr. Byles looked up to see three armed keepers, purple with rage.

"Gathering flowers, are ye, an' gave the pheasants a biscuit, did ye; an' the boys thought they would like to stroke one? I've seen two or three poachers in my time, but for brazen-faced lyin' I've never seen yir match.

"Assistant mathematical maister at the Seminary, that's what ye are, is it, ye awfu' like blackguard, an' the laddies are the sons o' a respectable Free Kirk minister, the dirty dogs? Tak yir time an' try again. I'm enjoyin' it. Is't by the hundred ye sell them, an' wud it be a leeberty to ask for whose preserves? Dash the soople tongue o' ye!

"If ye dare to put yir hand in a pocket, I'll lodge a charge o' shot in ye; we'll hae nae pistol-work in Kilspindie Woods. Come along wi' ye, professor an' students, an' I'll gie ye a ride into Muirtown, an' we'll just be in time to catch the magistrate. He hasna tried a learned institution like this since he mounted the bench. March in front, but dinna try to run, or it'll be the waur for ye. *Ma certes!* sic a band o' waufies!"

Then those two officers of justice, Peter and Nestie, having seen all without being seen, now started for Muirtown, to gather the kite-players and as many of the Seminary as could be found to see the arrival of the botanists. They were brought in a large spring-cart—Mr. Byles seated between the head keeper and the driver, in front, and the other three huddled like calves in the space behind—a mass of mud, tatters and misery, from which the solemn, owl-like face of Thomas John, whose cap was now gone also, looked out in hopeless amazement. As they were handed over to the police, the Seminary, which had been at first struck dumb, recovered speech and expressed itself with much vivacity.

"Who would have thought Byles had as much spirit; sall, he'll be rinnin' horses at Muirtown races yet"; "for ony sake, walk backward, Thomas, yir breeks are barely decent"; "the pheasants have been hard on yir legs, Cosh"; "where's the geraniums?" "has his Lordship kept yir bonnet, Dowbiggin?" "it'll be a year's hard labor." For boys are only in the savage state, and the discomfiture of such immaculate propriety was very sweet to the Seminary.

So powerful was the evidence of the head keeper, who saw in Mr. Byles' effort a new and cunning form of poaching he was not prepared for, and so weird was the appearance of the prisoners, that the bailie on duty was for sentencing them at once, and would hardly wait for the testimony of friends. It took the sworn testimony of the Rector of the Seminary and poor Mr. Dowbiggin, summoned from their studies in hot haste and confusion of face, to clear the accused, and even then the magistrate thought it proper, as Scots magistrates do, to administer a rebuke so solemn that it became one of the treasures of memory for all Seminary lads:

"After what I have heard I cannot convict you, and you may go this time, but let me never see you here again in such circumstances. It's fearsome to think that an educated man"—this to Byles—"instead of setting an example to the laddies under your charge, should be accused of a mean and cunning offense against the laws of the land, and I cannot look at your face without having grave doubts. And to think that the sons of a respected minister of the kirk should be found in such company, and with all the appearance of vagrants, must be a great trial to their father, and I am sure he has the sympathy of Muirtown. As for you, Cosh, I never expected to see the son of a brother bailie in such a position, and all I can hope is that this will be a lesson to you to keep clear of evil companions and evil ways, and that you may live to be a respectable citizen. Do not presume on your escape to-day—that is all I have to say."

Outside the courtroom the head keeper caught Spiug and gave him his mind.

"Ye're a limb o' Satan, Peter MacGuffie, and that English-speakin' imp is little better. My belief is that this has been a pliskie (trick) o' yours frae beginning to end, an' I just give ye one word o' advice—don't let me catch ye in Kilspindie Woods, or it'll be the waur for ye."

Unto which admonition from the mighty man Spiug listened with a chastened countenance, but he was not much cast down, for he had a shrewd idea that the keeper had enjoyed his forenoon and did not consider it quite unprofitable for the frightening of trespassers, and certainly Christmas had not come before the two sinners were skating to their hearts' content on the big pond which lies near by the kennels.

Editor's Note—This is the last story in the series, A Scots Grammar School.

MY *RECORD* of *the* Stage

By Elizabeth Stoddard

Drawings by C. Kleinschmidt

I HAVE looked into the annals of my "hereditary bondsmen" for an explanation of my prolonged interest and pleasure in the theatre, but among their names and callings have found no explanation. If, perchance, the mirror which they held up to Nature had been shattered, the fragments could have multiplied but one image—a Puritan.

When I was spelling from Webster's schoolbook to my village schoolmistress that "No man may put off the fear of the Lord," my father, a young, unlettered man, bought and read play-books, so called by those who did not favor them. They were not kept in evidence on the shelves with other books, like Clarke's Commentaries, or Hervey's Meditations on the Tomb. I remember learning nothing between Webster's spelling-book and The School for Scandal. After I had become familiar with Sheridan's masterpiece, I read everything that came in my way; but it was long before I connected plays with a theatre. The "dramatic instinct" so much talked of must have been lying dormant, though; I could "make believe," and when I was set to some duty, such as rocking the baby in the foot of a great mahogany cradle, my imagination ran riot. I was Lady Teazle in London, with my great hat and feathers which joggled as the cradle joggled over the chamber floor of

"The two worlds about
us in which we dwell—
Within us, and without us."

In this library I found Walter Scott and the British classics, a long row of immortals

I was happy in both, my vagaries were easily laid aside, and they were not discovered unless I put in practice some matter which betrayed me, as in the Robinson Crusoe episode, when I tried to get up a fever, so that I might raise Robinson's appetite for roasted goat's flesh and lemon juice. On this occasion, confiscation of all story-books was threatened, but a compromise was made which ended in a new story-book.

In our countryside there were few books and few newspapers and magazines. The first newspaper I remember was published in Philadelphia, and the first magazine was Godey's. In those days we depended mainly upon the old writers. The Harpers, to be sure, were beginning, with Ten Thousand a Year, in brown cotton covers. Shakespeare we had, of course, but I could not comprehend him.

The story of Ferdinand and Miranda might have happened on our seashore, especially the log-rolling. When some young teamster came into our yard with a load of hickory I watched him from the woodhouse steps while he unloaded it, and wished I were Miranda; but I couldn't be, because my hair was shingled. Curls belonged to a heroine.

When I was about thirteen a new minister was ordained. Soon after a sloop arrived at the wharf with his great cases of books. For me this was a lucky day. We soon made a friendly acquaintance, for he did not seem like an ordinary minister; he never preached to me. He was our neighbor, too, and occupied the upper room of the house next ours, with only our great orchard between us. When I went up the stairs which he had built outside the walls, and entered his rooms, I felt I was in the atmosphere of eld. Great tomes were in the corners; the walls were lined with old books, and many curious things were scattered around. It gave him pleasure at times to offer me metheglin, an ancient drink, in an old silver flagon with pegs inside to mark the quantity for each to drink; if he had diet bread, the treat was perfect.

In this library I found Walter Scott and the British classics, a long row of immortals—Fielding, Smollett, the Spectator, and Goldsmith.

—there he ate the beefsteaks, covered with the blackest of pepper

Years afterward, when I saw Lester Wallack, then in his prime, playing She Stoops to Conquer, in his own theatre, I looked back to an old country house, and heard the winter wind humming against the window-panes of a room where a young girl sat alone, reading by a dim lamp She Stoops to Conquer. Education in those days was not so ponderous as now; we skipped easily from A to Ampersand, and left school with a varnish of accomplishments warranted not to wear. Till I came to New York to stay, I accompanied my father on his journeys, and if there were a theatre in any town where we were we went to it. My first experience, at the age of twelve, was in the Park Theatre, and then my chief enjoyment was a sense of terror.

In Boston my *début* was at the Tremont Theatre, and our rooms were at the old Tremont House; no name is more respectable than Tremont. The heavy mahogany furniture which gloomily adorned the house would have suited giants.

The day we arrived happened to be the day on which Charles Dickens came. His rooms were over ours, and there he ate the beefsteaks, covered with the blackest of pepper; and there, when a waiter said "Right away," Mr. Dickens replied: "No, here!"

The stairs which led to his rooms were near the end of our corridor, so that I was a witness to the curiosity and laudation of Boston, displayed from morning till night. Cards, callers, invitations and presents went up the stairs all day long, and all the time Mrs. Dickens was homesick and longing for her children. And after all the feasting and presents and adulation, Mr. Dickens went home and straightway wrote American Notes.

But the theatre was away from all this. For the youthful, I think nothing is equal to the atmosphere of the theatre; the orchestra adjusts the spirit to the occasion, the curtain is an alluring object of promise, and an easy if illusive sympathy binds the audience together. One box at the theatre resembled a closet; it had a door with two panes of glass in the top, to the advantage of various young men who flattened their noses against the panes to inspect us between the acts.

The play was Hamlet, and Mr. Forrest appeared in the title rôle. The Ophelia was Miss Josephine Clifton, a nobly beautiful woman, stately as a Venus, but nothing like an Ophelia, and, I believe, a poor actress. Mr. Forrest was an immense foil to her; I think he felt her stupidity. In the players' scene she held an open, showy fan, which he took from her hand and whirled to and fro till it was in tatters. I did not like anything about him. I never knew whether he had been a circus rider, but he walked crookedly, as those gentlemen walk without their horses. There was an effect, too, of jaw-champing in his rage. After he became notorious from the Macready fight and his quarrel with his wife, I met him on Broadway, and not thinking he would observe *me*, I stared at him, and received in return a scowl, which convinced me that he was not formed for domestic happiness.

Perhaps the fact that Mrs. Forrest was English did not add to Mr. Forrest's gayety. Before I met her I did not believe the gossip started against her, and did not afterward. I doubted whether she had carried a scuttle of coal to his room in the hope of an interview. It may be that the debonair N. P. Willis was not the wisest friend she could have chosen, nor Mr. George Vandenhoff the best adviser, but I know that Willis was a help to more than one struggling person, and Vandenhoff carried her through her theatrical season. Mrs. Forrest, or Sinclair, was not beautiful, but she "were a fine figure of a woman," as Joe Gargery's wife was, and an accomplished one.

When my father gave up his frequent journeys I joined my brother often, and kept up the habit of going to the theatre. Niblo's Summer Garden Theatre was then a great attraction. It was a large, open, airy place, and though the garden consisted of tubs of evergreens in the corridors, it was one of the most agreeable theatres New York ever had. The Ravels made it famous, pleasing young and old. Actors of that class succeeding them were the Vokes family. The Placide brothers came there in the summer; "Harry" Placide acted Grandfather Whitehead with so much pathos that the women who had lost a father cried plentifully, and my cousin, who had lost hers, cried her hair loose, made a mop of her handkerchief, and herself the cynosure of the neighboring eyes.

The most notable performance there, on account of its being of home manufacture, was that of Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt, in her own play of Armand. I remember her girlish appearance in white muslin and profuse curls, but nothing of the play, which I judge was Sheridan Knowles and water. I was interested in her through an acquaintance who was a relative. Mrs. Mowatt was born an Ogden, with the real Knickerbocker grip; she had ten sisters, all high toned, but with very little money. Mr. Mowatt had failed as a publisher, and Mrs. Mowatt decided to write plays and act in them. Her family and friends worshiped her; they thought her a genius, a beauty, and a fragile creature. When she wrote she was propped with pillows in her armchair. In return she was very generous to them. She acted in London and the Provinces in her own company, of which E. L. Davenport and Fanny Vining, whom he married, were members.

Mrs. Mowatt did not remain on the stage long, but she was a bright and shining light to her friends. Mr. Mowatt, who was much older, died, and in due time his widow married Mr. Ritchie, of Richmond. If Mrs. Mowatt intended to "elevate the stage," as she might have hoped from her prestige, she failed, as others have; but if I am right in thinking that she brought E. L. Davenport here, she did the stage a great service. Davenport never quite gained the reputation he deserved. He was poor, and had a family to take care of; he worked hard, and let dignity manage for itself. He was a charming actor; he had a seductive voice, a sweet, tender smile, and was always in sympathy with his parts.

—her girlish appearance in white muslin and profuse curls

When I saw his daughter, the late Fanny Davenport, I saw his smile and heard his voice. They added much to her charm of beauty.

My tastes were liberal; farce pleased me, tragedy suited, and the romantic drama satisfied me. Over and over I enjoyed The Hunchback; and Claude Melnotte, in spite of its "nays" and "wouldst thou could love," and so forth, I liked to see often. A long panorama of the stage has passed before me; the epitaph of each actor is

"And all I was, in ashes."

Rachel I saw but once, because the tickets were six dollars. She was great and beautiful, with her narrow, queenly face and intense eyes, more intense because near together, but I think she was neither well nor happy; America was not France.

One of my saddest recollections is of the elder Booth. We heard one day that he was to appear at the Brooklyn Museum, an insignificant theatre on Fulton Street. The play was Richard III, and it was a cruel sight. The surroundings were miserable; nor in Booth's ashes was a spark of the ancient fire. Shrunken and feeble, he fought in his red cloak in the last scene. I doubt if he could bear his armor, and when he tottered off the stage we saw men at the side hold out their arms to support him.

His son Edwin bore no likeness to him; their voices could never have been alike. Junius Brutus Booth was of fair complexion, with blue eyes. He was smaller than Edwin, whose swarthy face was like his mother's, but his eyes were like no other eyes, luminous, and melancholy as death.

When one night I saw Charlotte Cushman, lately arrived from England, at the Broadway Theatre, with Miss Matilda Hays, her companion, and Mr. Couldock, who was to support her, she impressed me very deeply; nor have I ever understood the impression she made upon me, but it was one of native strength. She was not handsome, nor graceful, but large and heavy. Her voice was not that excellent thing in woman, soft and low, but hollow, and with strange effect. Whoever heard her recite, rather than sing, in Meg Merrilies,

"When Bertram's right and Bertram's might
Shall meet on Ellangowan's height"

will recall it. Bayard Taylor met her in Rome, and he told me she made her receptions remarkable by those recitations.

I saw her often. She was an impetuous woman, and frequently knocked things over. Once she seized Mr. Couldock by his collar and burst his coat open down the back. It was said her embraces were ardent—for the characters, not the person, who received them. She was careless of dress: I have seen her in a washed book-muslin with a patch on the skirt, and her regal robes were skimpy and savored of properties. She had the reputation of being economical. Had she been beautiful I never should have made an attempt to approach her. I had heard the cruel joke the poet Rogers made about her masculinity, but she appeared womanly to me. That I was mistaken proved an object lesson. Mr. Fleming, who had supported her in a previous season, sent me a letter of introduction, which, with one of my own, I forwarded to Baltimore, where she was then acting. She sent me a polite note, appointing an interview here at College Green Hotel.

Once she seized Mr. Couldock by his collar and burst his coat open down the back

On the day named I found the hotel, back of lower Broadway, but the moment I entered Miss Cushman's room dismay fell upon me. She was not alone. A young man sat by a window, and in a corner Miss Matilda Hays sat, dressed like her friend, as if they were twins! There was an aroma of ale in the room, and the table was laid for dinner. Miss Cushman sat beside me on a sofa, but as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so was I. A desultory conversation followed, while the lookers-on were silent and motionless. When I heard some time afterward that Miss Cushman had paid her companion off to leave her, I queried if the twin clothes were still worn.

The only theatrical flavor of the visit was through Miss Cushman's little dog. It came around her skirts and annoyed her until she stamped her solid foot and said, "Ha' done!" It was as fine as Mrs. Siddons' potatoes. I owe to Miss Cushman the severest fit of depression I ever had from any ordinary circumstance. I was not stage-struck, and never dreamed of being an actress, but through her I lost an

illusion. The last time I ever saw her was in the seventies, when her managers got up a "farewell," which she did not wish for.

Mr. Bryant made a speech; Mr. Stoddard wrote a poem, which Mr. Charles Roberts read. When she came on the stage, beautifully dressed, diamonds flashing about her, she was nearly handsome. She spoke a few words; said she hoped to act again, and retired; but she gave no thanks to the writers of the speech and the poem She was slowly dying then of cancer. No actress of her time was like her in magnetic force; no one so proved that genius for once could overmaster beauty. I returned home with a chastened spirit, and by the sad sea waves meditated on the futility of human hopes My meditations were interrupted by a person I had known some time, who came to my old home to ask me to take him for the better, which I did with a cheerful alacrity, and though

"Our hoard was little
but our hearts were great.

—he tattered off the stage

For a time we were like nesting, unfledged birds, but we skipped away to the theatre often; indeed, my husband wrote dramat notices, and in that sense we were like the little tired boy with a circus season-ticket—we "had to go" Burton's Chambers Street Theatre was a favorite. American actors did not flood the State then, and his excellent company was mostly English, with "one equal temper of heroic parts." Burton's Captain Cuttle and Mrs. Brougham's Susan Nipper were delightful. Then there was Wallack's Theatre, where Wallack acted with versatility and brilliance. Then Laura Keene came over; she was a handsome, able act ..

We went once to the Chatham Theatre, a resort for "the boys," and saw their favorite, John R Scott, in Hamlet. My interest was constantly diverted to a hole in the calf of one of his black silk stockings, and the distraction of a hope that between the acts somebody would mend it, or at least black it over. There was a diversion from the theatre in the readings that Fanny Kemble gave from Shakespeare. She was the only actress I knew of who was received in "society." I went to hear her in A Winter's Tale. A stout, florid faced lady in black velvet began with "I—shall—have—the—hon—or—to—read—A—Winter's—Tale." Her voice was hard and not musical. I saw a relative of the family act afterward—John Mason Kemble—whose method was in the same style, hitching up after each word. I suppose it was Kemblesque.

Among our theatrical experiences was the ambition of various young women to go on the stage without the slightest qualification for it. One was considered a "good reader" at home, and was certain she would succeed Another, because she had lectured in public, thought if she got an engagement she should act Lady Macbeth, as she had never seen it acted properly. I remonstrated with a young girl who was determined to go on the stage and take a leading part at once. No, she was not going to begin at the bottom; she wished to create a blaze of glory, and become celebrated at once! Somehow this young girl got a chance to appear. Her friends—I among them—went to see her Never was there so pitiful a failure. Her prettiness, which she really had, seemed to vanish; it was as if a wraith was before us, struggling for utterance. These aspirants were more or less handsome. That fact, with good clothes, was a snare which helped to delude them

A P. Burbank, one of our most successful elocutionists, welcomed all over the country, convinced himself that he could be an actor, and appeared as a "star" in a well-known play, and did not prove it. I saw him immediately after the play His face told the story, and I believe that he knew he was failing with every word he spoke on the stage; but then, he had his way, and that is always a comfort. And so with Miss Kate Field, a woman of much cleverness, who wished to display it on the stage. She could sing, she could dance, and speak French; so she chose Peg Woffington as a play that exhibited those accomplishments. We all went to see her, and she had at least the pleasure of a great rally of friends, but the pall of failure fell upon the audience, and the boom of friends was in vain.

A Southern and Western manager, Mr Dean, brought his young daughter to act here at the Broadway Theatre. He also brought his family, Julia's stepmother, her children, and her half-brother, who had claims as a poet, and took a house for them. I think it was through the poet that we were invited to visit them. When I saw Julia Dean, my spirit bowed down to worship her beauty; she was indeed

"A daughter of the gods; divinely tall
And most divinely fair."

It was not only beauty of flesh and brilliancy of color, but beauty of the soul; she was all goodness and purity. Her mother was a beautiful woman, and an actress of repute. After her death Mr. Dean trained Julia for the stage. Her acting was marked by delicacy and simplicity, but she was not great. She acted in the romantic drama, The Hunchback—her favorite play. Why, I may ask here, do the two heroines in that play always wear one a pink and one a blue satin dress?

The household was interesting to me, from the little boy of six, who was offended if called handsome, and said, "I wish you could see my teeth," to the poet; Julia supported them all, as if it were a nice thing that had come in her wa Everybody was welcomed to the house, but whether with the family or with visitors, I thought Julia was a thing apart.

After a successful engagement here they left to fulfill the season's engagements. Among the men who proposed marriage to Julia was Mr. Hayne, a nephew of the South Car— Hayne, made famous by Daniel Webster. This young man had nothing to offer but his noble birth. Julia refused him. They met again in New Orleans, where they stayed at the same hotel. While there, Mr. Hayne was seized with a fever, and pity moved Julia to have a care of him. The upshot was that they were suddenly married and she had a husband to support. Through the mediation of my husband Julia had accepted a play from George H. Boker, Leonore Guzman, and she came here again to rehearse and act it The whole tribe came with her, and open house was kept, with the same welcome. At dinner one night I became aware of a strain on the part of Mr. Hayne. He wore an air of protest against being in low company, and for the most part he was silent, though if he had a chance to contradict he did so. He reminded me of the man in Voltaire's Candide, who said of one, "What a great man he must be; nothing pleases him." But the Deans did not mind his sneers; they chatted and laughed and ignored him, while Julia, next to me, maintained her sweet composure and dignity.

It was not long before Hayne compelled her to break the heavy contract with her father and separated her from all her family. He took her to California, but it was a fatal step; like the Fotheringay with her teacher Bowes, Julia could do nothing without her father.

And so one of the two most beautiful women I ever knew passed out of my life. The other was Ada Cavendish, daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, who once acted here.

It is many years ago since I received a letter from California with this message: "A young actor is coming to New York and you would better go to see him."

I went to the Winter Garden Theatre and saw Hamlet—I mean Edwin Booth—and I saw what genius meant as I had never seen it before. And yet his later Hamlet was much better, as was his later Iago. Compared with him, whoever peopled the stage afterward were like pale shades flitting through the spaces of memory. I did not see him again nor hear of him for several years. When the Civil War broke out every other interest was swept away. More than once I heard the clank of a sabre on my stair; more than once I had a telegram, "wounded," "dead," and more than once I stood on the curb to see our own New England regiments marching South with music so joyous it made me weep.

Near the close of the war a friend in London wrote us that he had been with Mr. Booth, who was about to return to New York, and that he would bring a letter of introduction to us Mr. Booth, with his wife and child, arrived a few days after and took apartments in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and from that time we were often together. He was near his thirtieth birthday, and I thought then that he had burned his candle at both ends. He was melancholy and weary, but always gentle and kindly. When I brought my brother from Fort Monroe, prostrated by illness, I remember how he came to the bedside, put his hand on the aching head, and went out on tiptoe as if he felt almost ill, too; and the delicacies he brought would have gone round a hospital ward.

—and saw Hamlet—
I mean Edwin Booth

I have heard that he was a scholar, but it was not so; his education was very desultory. His father carried him, when a boy, around with him in his turns. I heard him say once that when he went on the stage which his older brother managed in San Francisco, in a leading part, his brother said next morning, "My boy, you are to go down to the foot." He was no reader. He rarely talked about the theatre. I never saw him anxious about rehearsals, never saw him make any "study." Where, then, did he learn to read Shakespeare with such surpassing skill?

He was curiously interested in his costumes, and changed them frequently. When he heard of a Romeo having a green velvet suit, he borrowed it and wore it. In the scene where he fell down, the jerkin rolled back to display a bright orange top to the trousers. He begged of his wife a violet moiré antique, and had it cut up for Petruchio. Sometimes his mood changed and he showed a sense of humor, could tell a good story, and was an excellent mimic

Both Mr. Booth and his wife were pleased to know our "set" of writers and artists, and we had many meetings at the studio rooms and our own. This did not please Mr. Booth's theatrical family. John Wilkes Booth came up to New York, and, seeing what was going on, reproached Edwin for being false to his father's memory by keeping such associates. But Mrs. Booth wished to withdraw him from some of his connections. Every one was charmed with her, for she was very bright and attractive, but she only lived and moved and had her being in him. There was no act or motion or mood on his part that she did not see and feel. I have been beside her in the box in the theatre when he was on the stage, and, with her eyes fixed upon him, heard her repeat, or speak with him, every word of the part, and she did not know that she was speaking audibly

Once I saw her put her head
as if she were tired

This pleasant intercourse was broken. Mr. Booth was engaged to act in Boston, and I went with them to spend a few days at the Brunswick, and had to perceive that Boston paid them much more social attention than New York, but all conventional restraint was impossible to him. Mrs. Booth bore the strain; she stood between him and every annoyance, and kept the admirers in good humor. He was incapable of "showing off," and it was unendurable for him to have anything to do with poseurs. All that she did was done with such self abnegation that he could not realize it till it was too late

I was with her one morning when I was painfully moved by an expression in her face; I could not tell it to her, but if I had spoken my feeling I should have cried, "She is going to Heaven!" It passed off, but not a respite would she take; always alert, never complaining. .

Once I saw her put her head on her husband's shoulder, as if she were tired He patted her back gently, as one would soothe a child, but she said nothing [illegible] I came home cheerful letters [illegible] us, full of plans for the [illegible]g days. When Mr Booth made his next engagement to act in New York, Mrs Booth decided to remain in Boston, while their brother, John Wilkes, played an engagement there. We accompanied him and went, as we did before, to the theatre nearly every night; sometimes we came home with him after the play.

His wife wrote him nearly every day, and one long letter she wrote to my husband, full of sweet humility and the tenderest faith in our friendship. One night at the theatre he told us John had written him that Mary had taken cold in going to the theatre to see him, but that it was nothing serious. Two nights afterward, when Mr. Booth was acting Richard III, a telegram came to the theatre that she had died that afternoon. . My husband brought it to me in the stage box, and it was decided that Mr. Booth should not be told till after the play. I sat there watching him; In the last scene he came on without his armor, and as I had seen his father fight in his red cloak, so I saw the son fight in his

We walked to our rooms; silence never seemed strange to us three, and when we came in my husband left the room. After a moment I said, "Edwin, Mary is dead."

When "Aunt Susan" Speaks

A SLENDER, graceful little gray-haired old lady got off the cars at Rochester, New York, the other day. There were about fifty people at the station to meet her, and they all called her "Aunt Susan." She was Susan B. Anthony, who had just returned from abroad. The Anthony sisters—Susan and Mary—are the celebrities of Rochester: Susan for her championship of the women's cause, and Mary for her championship of Susan. Though in her eightieth year, Miss Susan Anthony has just returned from a trip to London.

"I never realized there could be such a change in sentiment in a few years in regard to the advancement of women as I found there," she said. "The last time I visited Great Britain only reformers and very liberal members of the sex greeted me. This time we were the guests of the nobility."

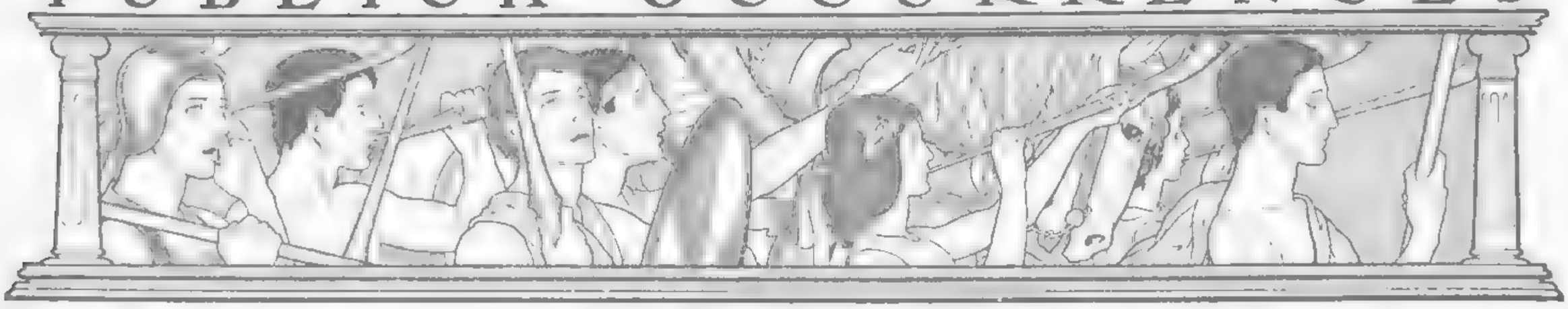
A pleasant view of Miss Anthony as a speaker is given by the following poem, written by a friend.

"It was at a great convention which was packed from d[illegible] to pit,
So packed and jammed that one, at least, an old maid [illegible] a bit
The speaker was an able man, as he himself did say,
But he talked to that convention in such a tedious way
That the women laughed and whispered or let their programs drop,
And all the men were betting that the speech would never stop—
When there came a roar like thunder which made the windows creak,
And we all knew that Susan B. had risen up to speak!

"There were present men who had heard her when they were boys in curls,
There were women who had loved her since they were little girls,
There were persons who had sneered at her and jeered in years gone by,
But had been won by Susan B.'s heroic constancy,
And there were men to whom her words meant more than I can say,
Of evils fought by Susan in some forgotten day,
And these grew so excited that they seemed almost to shriek
When there before them Susan B. had risen up to speak!

"She raised her hand (its thin and old) and all the noise and din
Died out so quick you might have heard the dropping of a pin.
Her voice came out so good and true, her words so kind and wise,
That here and there the people felt a mist before their eyes;
It was a moment only, for the next thing which rang out
Was so extremely funny that it made the glummest shout;
A streak of love and wisdom, of tears and wit, a streak,
Were what we got when Susan B. had risen up to speak!"

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"



A Foreign War and the Home Problems

It is one of the curious facts of history that every nation looks upon its foreign wars as justified, but pronounces a civil war one of the greatest of evils. It may be the idea growing out of the home which ought to be every man's castle and which he should protect against every assault. A number of years ago, at one of the hotels at Old Point Comfort, a lady who was given to criticism made a remark about a certain officer which was construed to be an insult, and which, of course, reached him through those nuisances called candid friends. He approached the husband and asked if he stood responsible for any statement made by his wife. "Certainly, sir," he replied, and the officer knocked him down. This spirit of the man who stood for the infallibility of his own is the same that runs through the home and the nation.

Cold logic may pronounce it sometimes false and foolish, but it is the sort of feeling that has made civilization, that has developed the home into a Heaven on earth, that protects women and saves children. Consequently, while there may be family quarrels, the members generally feel that they must stand together when there is an attack from without. "All partisanship ceases at the shore" is an old rule which every nation has followed. Of course, the politician who bends all circumstances to his purposes appreciates this sentiment, and thus it has often happened that when domestic matters get troublesome an Administration has been saved by foreign wars.

SENATOR HOAR
OF MASSACHUSETTS

The danger from without drives all within to closer companionship. Within the past century this method of self-preservation in politics has been frequently used. It is not now so flagrantly followed as in years gone by, but there are many reminders of it in the politics of the present day. Thus we are hearing that the success at arms in the Philippines must mean the indorsement of the Administration at home. But let it be understood that this can hardly be called a foreign war started for political advantage, and the main relation it has to the discussion of the present situation is that it tends to obscure the larger problems which exist in the United States.

A Polygamist in the House of Representatives

One of the problems of the next Congress comes very close to being a stupendous joke upon the American conscience. After the fight of years, polygamy was made illegal by an act of Congress, and Mormonism was compelled either to abandon its insult to the moral convictions of the nation or get out of the country. Mormonism was prospering in a land of milk and honey, and as it was entirely satisfied with its material conditions it preferred to remain, and so, with great publicity it was announced that it had given up the idea of a plurality of wives. This goodness was proclaimed for a season, and when the craze of admitting Territories began Utah made earnest application for entrance.

It was pointed out that Mormonism might get control of the politics, but this was promptly resented and disproved, and the consequence was that Utah succeeded in becoming a State. The rest is familiar history. The Mormons have asserted themselves, and thus we have as Representative-elect to the Fifty-sixth Congress a man who not only acknowledges several wives, but who openly proclaims his matrimonial possessions. From thousands of pulpits and from hundreds of thousands of men and women have come protests against his admission to the House of Representatives, and there seems to be an erroneous idea that Mr. Roberts, who is the man in question, can be shown out the door of that great body by an immediate vote.

He will enter Congress in December precisely as any other member elected. He will present his certificate of election and he will take his place as a member of the House. The roll will be called and a Speaker elected. In that election Mr. Roberts will participate, and when the Speaker takes his oath the names of the members elect will be called, and then when Utah is reached if any one objects to Mr. Roberts being sworn he will have to stand aside until the House is organized. After that the objection will be considered, but during the consideration Mr. Roberts will occupy his position in the House. There will be references to committees and the usual red tape of legislative action, the result of all of which will be that Mr. Roberts, the polygamist, will remain in the House. Of course, the final vote may expel him, but it will be some time before that is reached, if, indeed, it ever is. All this is the plain truth of the situation. If the people of the country succeed in getting Mr. Roberts out of the House of Representatives they will have to work harder than they have done thus far. Therein is a curious situation, for the sentiments of the people are overwhelmingly against him, while the precedents of the House protect him in his seat.

Admission to the Senate

One of the standing jokes of Congress is that the new Congressman always spends the first week wondering how he got there and the rest of the time wondering how the other member got there. To get in office is a great thing, and possibly the fact that this desire is so universal makes those who are within the sacred boundaries slow about casting out any one. Just as the problem of getting Mr. Roberts out of Congress is one of the possibilities, so is the question of getting some other gentleman in fully as interesting. The election of United States Senators by State Legislatures has long been the source of much scandal, and in recent years of many impotent conclusions. Within the past year more than six Legislatures, after sessions in which frauds were charged and in which the people's business was sadly neglected, failed to elect United States Senators.

The question has thus come to be whether or not a Senator can be admitted upon a certificate of the Governor. If a United States Senator dies, his successor may be appointed by the Governor if the Legislature is not in session, but when the Legislature meets the election must be made by that body. If the Legislature fails to elect, the power of appointment does not pass to the Governor. This has been the course in recent years, although many of the leading members of the Senate hold that the Governor's appointment, after the failure of the Legislature to elect, should be recognized in order that there should be no vacancy in the representation of the State in the upper body. It is barely possible that the precedent may be overturned in the case of Matthew Stanley Quay, of Pennsylvania. The Legislature did not elect him, but the Governor will give him a certificate of appointment. He was a member of the Senate for many years, and is one of the most expert politicians in the country, and he may be able to strain a precedent to the point of breaking, but the whole matter will come up next month when Congress meets. In an interview, Senator Hoar, one of the chief authorities of the Senate, expressed the belief that the precedents would hold, and that Mr. Quay would not be admitted on the Governor's certificate of appointment. At the same time Mr. Hoar doubted the wisdom of the present plan of keeping down the representation.

PHOTO BY GUTEKUNST

EX-SENATOR QUAY
OF PENNSYLVANIA

This case is being used, along with others of this kind, to emphasize the point that if Senators were elected by the direct vote of the people no such troubles would occur.

The Elections of November Seventh

In the meanwhile, before Congress meets eleven States will hold elections, all of which will be on the seventh of November. These include Iowa, Kentucky, Maryland, Massachusetts, Mississippi, Nebraska, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Virginia. In nearly all of them there is unusual apathy on the part of the voters, but in several of them there are curious complications. There is a three-cornered fight in Kentucky owing to a division in the Democratic party, and there are some troubles in Maryland because of the defection from the Republican ticket. In Pennsylvania the lack of interest is so strong that one of the leading newspapers declared that the campaign is notable chiefly for the popular indifference to it. The two exceptions to the general rule are found in Ohio and Nebraska. The reason is obvious. Ohio politics always manage to be exciting and enlivening, but they are particularly so this year in view of the fact that they may have a bearing upon the Presidential fortunes of Honorable William McKinley. So strong has this grown that the managers there sent out letters all over the country for campaign contributions for the election of Mr. Nash, the Republican nominee, basing their pleas for cash on the ground that the interests of the National Administration were involved. Of course they did not fail to mention that the Democratic nominee, Mr. McLean, is a man of great wealth, who in the words of another rich man who ran for office, is "paying the freight" of the Democratic campaign.

For almost the same reason the contest in Nebraska is of national interest. It is generally recognized that if Mr. Bryan's party wins it will greatly aid his nomination by the Democratic convention next summer. If he loses it may retire him from the contest.

The Issues on Which the Orators Dwell

There was undoubtedly a good deal of politics in President McKinley's journey through the West. He traveled over seven thousand miles and had with him nearly all the members of his Cabinet, and the tour was one of oratory and party work. He passed twice across Ohio and added what he could to the life of the campaign. He spoke in other States, and everywhere he sounded the keynote of prosperity at home and victory abroad. Here are some of the figures he gave:

> "From 3,929,214 in 1790 our population had grown to upward of 62,000,000 in 1890, and our estimated population to-day, made by the Governors of the States, is 77,803,231. We have grown from thirteen States to forty-five. We have annexed every variety of territory, from the coral reefs and cocoanut groves of Key West to the icy regions of Northern Alaska—territory skirting the Atlantic, the Gulf of Mexico, the Pacific and the Arctic and the islands of the Pacific and Caribbean Sea, and we extended still farther our jurisdiction to the far-away islands in the Pacific. Our territory is more than four times larger than it was when the treaty of peace was signed in 1783.
>
> "Our industrial growth has been even more phenomenal than that of population or territory. Our wealth, estimated in 1790 at $462,000,000, has been advanced to $65,000,000,000.
>
> "Education has not been overlooked. The mental and moral equipment of the youth upon whom will in the future rest the responsibilities of government have had the unceasing and generous care of the State and the Nation. We expended in 1897-8 in public education, open to all, $205,115,548, for secondary education, $23,474,683, and for higher education for the same period, $30,307,902. The number of pupils enrolled in public schools in 1896 was 14,652,402, or more than twenty per cent of our population. Is not this a pillar of strength to the Republic?

Republican orators have followed the keynote of their President. "We have passed from sadness in 1896 to gladness in 1899," said Congressman Henderson, who will be the next Speaker of the House of Representatives. "So long as the flag is assailed mistakes in administration must be forgotten," was one of the sentiments of Senator Allison.

The Democratic orators in the different States generally confined themselves to speeches upon trusts and imperialism. Just what imperialism is was not absolutely defined. We did find interesting variations of the term. For instance, one leading Democrat says that while he is against imperialism he is "a commercial expansionist," and some others while fighting the trusts announce their devotion to the cause in the Philippines. One of the effective points of the Democrats in the West is the picture they draw of the large Army which may possibly become a permanent institution.

MEN & WOMEN of the HOUR

How Nat Goodwin Settled Down

Nat C. Goodwin, the actor, has settled down to domestic life in real earnest since his marriage to the beautiful Maxine Elliott. They have a handsome home, called Jackwood, on the old Kent Road, so near London that Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin frequently ride home in an automobile from the playhouse. What it means for a man of Mr. Goodwin's mercurial disposition to settle down, his trip from London to New York, a few years ago, will show.

Mr Goodwin was trying to overcome a fit of ennui in a Turkish bath. The fever of unrest burned in him. Even the hot room failed to bring it out, and the plunge only drove it farther into his system. Suddenly an idea came to him

"John," he called to his rubber, "how long before the next train starts for Southampton?"

John looked at the clock (it was then 3 A. M.) and consulted a time-table. "Two hours, sir."

"Does a steamer sail for New York to-day?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Goodwin caught that steamer, and, with little more baggage than he had when he went to the bath, sailed for New York. After arriving at the pier he was driven to Madison Square, and thence he walked up the Rialto to a hotel where actors are accustomed to foregather. There he found Anson Pond, the author, and only Anson Pond. All of the rest of the men he knew were out of town. With the author he spent the rest of the night, and at noon the next day he was on board another steamer on his way back to London. The fever had run its course.

Mrs. Maxine Elliott Goodwin preserves in an expensive frame under a glass cover, a telegram from Mr Goodwin which cost the actor many thousands of dollars, and incidentally led to his marriage and his subsequent settling down. It was sent just before Mr. Goodwin's latest trip to Australia, on which trip he became engaged, matrimonially, to his wife. George B McLellan was Mr. Goodwin's manager at that time, and he needed a leading woman to accompany the actor to the antipodes. He consulted with Frederick Edward McKay, of the Dramatic News, who was conducting a theatrical intelligence office, and Mr McKay suggested Miss Elliott, who had just left Daly's stock company.

Together they went to Miss Elliott's hotel and prevailed upon her to accept the vacant place. This decision was telegraphed at once to Goodwin, who answered with this query

All right, but isn't she too tall?"

When Miss Elliott saw this reply she declined the offer with equal promptness, and immediately left for San Francisco, to take the leading place in a stock company. But Mr. Goodwin, with the proverbial changeability of genius, regretted his query almost as soon as he had made it, and he followed Miss Elliott to San Francisco the next week There he saw her play, and with impetuous eloquence he persuaded her to go with his company. But it cost him $2500 to the San Francisco manager, the privilege of producing Mr. Goodwin's plays on the coast at a reduced royalty, double the salary he had first promised Miss Elliott, and a place in his company for Miss Elliott's sister

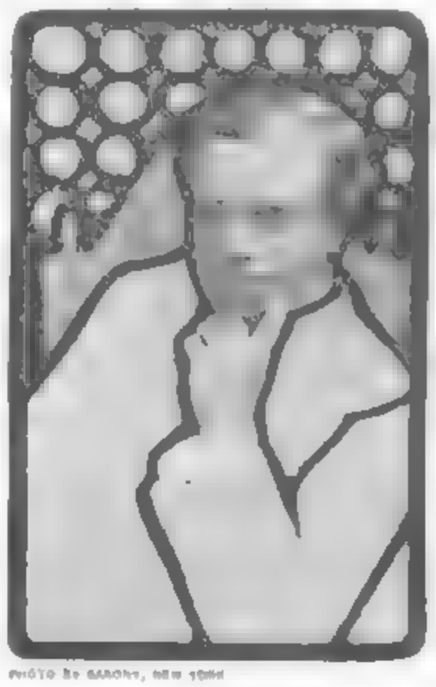


PHOTO BY SARONY, NEW YORK

N. C. GOODWIN

Young Mr. Vanderbilt's Apprenticeship

The advent of Cornelius Vanderbilt, the son of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, into the railroad business differs wholly from that of either his father or grandfather. He is the first of the family to begin the profession of railroad management from the bottom rung of the ladder in the operating department. This particular ladder is set up in the railroad yard, with the roundhouse for its centre, and leads up to the general managership and, less frequently, to the Presidency, as in the case of President Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The Vanderbilts rose from the counting-room and went thence into the financial department. They traveled through rows of figures over piles of ledgers, but young Cornelius began as an oiler in the New York Central yards

It was about a year ago that he made application to the General Superintendent of the Construction Department

"I want to learn the operating business from the ground up," he said. "I don't think my father has any objections. I want to begin at the very bottom. What am I to do?"

"Oiling is the lowest grade of work," replied the Superintendent.

So the next week found the prospective heir to a share of more than $100,000,000, clad in a suit of overalls, at work in the yards, unknown to half the foremen he came under and to ninety-nine one hundredths of his fellow-workmen. He did as the rest did, only more thoroughly, and he obeyed orders like a soldier.

The next step was practical work in the railroad cab, where he served as fireman and also oiler, and later on as engineer, under the supervision of the real engineer. At times he did other kinds of work He has helped repair tracks with the spade and pick and shared with other laborers the tyranny of the section boss

Then he took a turn in the machine shops and brought to a practical conclusion the invention of a fire box which may revolutionize that part of an engine's construction. The hardest task that ever fell to his lot, said a railroad official, was to face the batteries of eyes from the women clerks when it became known that young Vanderbilt was at work in the yards They deserted their desks and directed their gaze upon the engine he was oiling. When he looked up and saw them one day, he threw up both hands and fled. That was the only part of his work that he seemed to dread

MRS. N. C. GOODWIN

A Coming Leader in Ohio Politics

The fact that the career of Honorable Charles Dick has been in a sense meteoric does not cause close observers of the situation to underestimate either his abilities or the possibilities of his future career. He successfully managed President McKinley's campaign when the latter was elected Governor of Ohio; he was Senator M. A. Hanna's right hand man and confidential lieutenant in the latest national campaign and the preliminary canvass which preceded it; he made a most creditable record in the Spanish-American War as Colonel of the "President's Own" regiment, and finally he is directing the Gubernatorial campaign in Ohio the result of which will, of course, have national significance

The circumstance which makes Colonel Dick one of the most interesting men in the public eye at the present time is not found so much in his prominence in the present crucial campaign in Ohio as in the strong possibility that to him may be intrusted the management of the next National Republican campaign. He is now Secretary of the Republican National Committee, a position of much importance and large influence in politics

The career of Colonel Dick affords a most striking exemplification of the possibilities of attainment open to the self-made man in politics Few men in the history of the country have gained a commanding influence in national politics in so brief a period of time. Colonel Dick was born in Akron, Ohio, little more than forty years ago, and was compelled by circumstances to be content with a common school education. He worked as a clerk in a hat store and as book keeper for a banking and savings company before he went into business for himself, on a small scale, as a grain and commission merchant. The young man took the deepest interest in politics from the time he became a voter, and with a desire for the gratification of his ambition in this direction he read law and was admitted to the bar. He served for years as a member, and three times as Chairman, of the Republican County Committee of his home county, and later for two terms as Auditor of his county

The rapid advancement which has characterized his career in later years really commenced with his selection as delegate to the Republican National Convention at Minneapolis in 1892. In the same year he was made Chairman of the Republican Executive Committee of the State and was twice reelected This opened the way for a most intimate acquaintance with President McKinley, whose service as Secretary at the Chicago headquarters during the campaign of 1896 resulted in the formation of an acquaintance which is equaled by that of few men in public life

Colonel Dick is possessed of a most striking personality. Tall and spare, quiet of speech, and with the most even temper imaginable, the campaign manager is possessed of marvelous vitality He has time and again astonished his friends by remaining up almost all night receiving election returns, only to appear at his desk at the usual hour in the morning, apparently in perfect health and spirits. Colonel Dick has also that invaluable adjunct for a politician, a remarkable memory for names and faces

PHOTO BY BAKER'S ART GALLERY, COLUMBUS, OHIO

COLONEL CHARLES DICK

TOLD MORE BRIEFLY

Wore Voltaire Alive.—The late M Scherurer Kestner, Vice President of the French Senate, was a scientific writer of great ability, a distinguished chemist and a broad minded philanthropist. It was in these capacities that he was known to the public, of which few knew the other sides of his character. His intimate friends knew him as a raconteur and wit. Many of his epigrams afforded amusement to the literary world of the French capital. During the Dreyfus excitement he remarked, "Voltaire said we Frenchmen were half monkey and half tiger. Were he alive to day he would change the ratio to the disfavor of the kingly carnivora."

A Struggle for Consistency.—Prince Henry, of Orleans, has a pleasant system of literary work. When he travels he takes with him a corps of talented men, including a physician, a scientist, an editor, a historian and a photographer, each of whom makes a daily contribution to the book which is to describe the journey. In describing his method at a Paris salon, a friend ironically asked

"And what is the hard work which you do for your book?"

"The hardest of all," said the Prince. "I have the overwhelming duty of making the various accounts agree."

A True Compliment.—Madame Melba says that the truest compliment she ever received was from a little boy out West, who blushingly remarked, "You can sing nicer than my pop can whistle on his fingers."

The Only Easy Subjects.—For many years Clark Bell has been engaged upon The Supreme Court of the United States and Provinces of North America, which aims to give a sketch of every American Judge. A Judge to whom he was explaining the many difficulties of the task said.

"I suppose that even magistrates behave like ordinary mortals whenever they find themselves the victims of errors?"

"Do they?" remarked Bell slowly. "The only ones who give no trouble are those who are dead."

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Leaders and Wheelers

WHO does not thrill with expectation, at a horse show, when the bell rings for the tandems to appear before the judges for comparison and verdict; and when some slim maiden drives up to the judges' stand, tall and erect in her tailor-made suit, with the watchful groom half-crouching by her side and the two black horses stretching their well-trained length, the one before the other, in harness, as she drives along! How simple, how graceful, how girlish she looks, how pretty the shy smile she casts on her mother and sister in the boxes—yet how firm, how sinewy is the grasp of those slender hands upon the ribbons! Her touch seems the hold of magnetism, not of muscle. She is sure of herself, of her team, of everything but the crashing sound of that irrepressible and brazen band she has to pass in driving up. The cheers of the people in the boxes do not disturb her—and they are more hearty and encouraging in proportion as it is a country gathering and not a "swell" one—but as she comes abreast of that band there is in the action of her leading horse one slight, swift movement of suspicion, an instant's quiver of his ears, an almost imperceptible slackening of the traces. Another moment and the peril is past. When she turns at the appointed spot the leading horse comes round with a curve so perfect, so dainty in its completeness, that every eye among the spectators watches it with delight, w the maiden and her steeds alike seem "balancing with graceful buoyancy" like the young Indian chief on his war-horse described by Parkman in his most charming passage. It is done; the tandem has turned, and as she now drives daringly past the very edge of the bandstand, close as she can go, and while the music sounds louder than ever, the spirited horse recognizes the trustful appeal and trots by the peril without showing consciousness of its existence. The crowd recognizes the triumph by its applauses, more ardent than ever; and the maiden, with one more happy smile for her mother and sister, sweeps down the track triumphant.

This is what the tandem is to the outward observer's eye; and now when we turn to that manual of lofty instruction, the official program of the judges, we find this to be the high scientific definition of a tandem: "The wheeler to have substance, quality and good action; the leader to show good breeding, manners and all-around action." What fine and lofty wisdom, as of Epictetus or Marcus Aurelius, in this! It takes us far away from the horse show to the great maxims of life. Is not the wheel-horse the symbol, wherever the English language is spoken, for the steady discharge of solid duty; the regular and constant pull; the "substance" of hard work? The wheeler among human beings also must have just the "quality" that makes his service effective; his "action" must be good, not fitful nor wayward nor balky. The horse-breeders are right; even such is the work done by those we most trust in society; they must be reliable, not fantastic nor uncertain. Not theirs to break the road, to strike out new paths, to confront unforeseen obstacles; this is the part of the leader, not of the wheeler. For the leader there must be something more than even substance; there must be "good breeding," there must be "manners," there must be "all-around action." A certain daring quality—that is, a certain power of adaptation; it is for the leader to set the pace, to swerve just enough for avoiding an obstacle and no more. As compared with the wheeler, he is self-reliant; no shafts confine him; he is a freer, a more gallant and daring figure. It is the same in life and society.

Who would not be the leader, the ardent radical, who marks his own path, held only by the light rein of his real driver, the Spirit of the Age, but free under her guidance to take the forward path, seemingly unrestrained, irresponsible, called on perpetually for "all-around action"? Who would not, however, if this were denied, be at least the faithful and trusted wheeler, on whom the Spirit of the Age relies to steady the progress by which, with "balancing with graceful buoyancy," she makes her way into the future?

—THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

Sarcasm makes wounds and does nothing to heal them.

Searching Grapevines for Strawberries

A DROWNING man will clutch at a straw, and as all pessimists are drowning men, metaphorically, they as a body have been keeping the word "limitations" on extra duty for a long time. To avoid unqualified hero-worship it may be well to remember that every man has his measure, and that no human character is equally great in all its parts; but when proper allowance has been made, is there any reason why the qualities that a man does not possess should blind us to the actual achievements of the man himself, and thus deprive us of fully enjoying what is provided for us?

Critics have recently announced to us, in print, that Wagner could not compose a waltz, Carlyle never wrote a novel, General Grant could not distinguish music from sawfiling, Napoleon was incompetent to drill a battalion, jokes offered to Washington and Gladstone had to be accompanied by explanatory diagrams, Dickens never portrayed a gentleman nor Thackeray a lady, Robert Louis Stevenson never wrote a soulful love-story, nor did Shakespeare embody in blank verse the religious ferment of his time. All this may be true, but do men gather pears from apple-boughs or search grapevines for strawberries?

Last year the news of Dewey's victory in Manila Bay had scarcely reached all portions of the country before some pessimistic pundits announced in the newspapers and elsewhere that an Admiral would be unfit material of which to make a President for the United States. It may also be true that Admirals are not fitted by training and inclination to take charge of theological seminaries or bishopries, coal mines or theatres, but who would expect it of them? Does any one imagine himself—usually the cleverest man of his acquaintance—especially fit for more than one business besides his own, which generally is a single department of a larger business in which no man is uniformly competent?

If we are to judge men by what they are not, why should we not also complain that the minute-hand of a watch is utterly incompetent as a mainspring, that a bicycle cannot haul a ton of coal, and that the engine of a battle-ship, mighty though it be, cannot throw even a one-pound shot with any degree of accuracy?

In the world of facts that only angels and tramps can evade, it is generally conceded that men are to be estimated by what they accomplish—not by what they are unable to do When a tailor makes for us a good suit of clothes we gladly accept it, if we have the necessary cash or credit, without reproaching him for inability to preach a good sermon. The lawyer who wins a case for us and does not pocket an unfair share of the proceeds may be utterly ignorant of astronomy without disturbing our peace of mind. If a physician heals our sick we never take the trouble to wonder whether he can also cure a smoky chimney. If the cook prepares our meals properly, serves them at the appointed hours, and does not deplete our larder for the benefit of her sisters, cousins and aunts, it is nothing to us that she may be somewhat unsatisfactory as a clinical demonstrator of the several organs of the alimentary canal.

Why, then, in contemplating the many divisions and subdivisions of literature and art, should we judge men by what they have not done? Rather let us take them gratefully for what they are and what they have accomplished. The world is large and the workers are many; enough is being produced of everything—except money and true religion—to fill every lean soul with fatness, if we look to the proper sources for it. Therefore, may the minds who like to contemplate "limitations" keep their sorrowful pleasure to themselves and grant ordinary human nature an unlimited truce.

—JOHN HABBERTON.

There is no hope for the man who knows too much

The Worship of the Given Point

AFTER all, is the municipal parade above reproach? Is it the best we can do? What is there in the sight of a long column of marching men, most of them tired and wishing they were well out of it, that should keep the judicious from taking a fishing-rod and fleeing to the country?

As a people we are given to parades. We need but to be tickled with an anniversary or a returning hero and we burst into a parade which takes so many hours to pass a given point. A third of us march, another third of us rent our windows to the remaining third and then stand on soap-boxes and test the elasticity of our necks. Then we are heard of men crying out that we are enjoying ourselves, but in our heart of hearts one third reviles the march, another third the price of the window, and still other third the long-drawn neck and the insecurity of the box.

Of course, when a man returns from a far country where he has done brilliant deeds there is a general and perhaps a commendable desire to see him; and this applies also to a body of men who have collectively performed notable acts. And, to the end that the largest number of persons may see this man or this company of men, it is more convenient that he or they pass along a suitable way where the people are assembled. But why implicate in the procession Tom, Dick and Harry in the shape of militia, societies and the city Aldermen? The Aldermen seem especially absurd, the idea that any person should care to see a moving, living panorama of Aldermen is unthinkable. How much better it would be to tuck the returning hero into a comfortable carriage, give him fitting escort in the way of a decent guard of honor, and then pass the blessed given point in ten minutes. The State troops and similar organizations could be drawn up on either side and present a more imposing spectacle, especially to the man in the carriage, who, after all, is the man we are trying to honor and impress rather than ourselves, than when they are tailed out into an interminable procession.

The old Romans seem to have been the ones who introduced the parade into the Western world. But with them it appears to have been somewhat different. It was mainly the returning legions that made up the line of the triumph, and they had something to show for their little foreign excursion—concrete, visible, palpable things—genuine spoils of war; one or two Kings and a handful of minor nabobs chained securely to the chariot wheels made something worth seeing in the Roman estimation, and must have put up the price of soap-boxes to a fabulous figure. But nowadays military men bring home no Kings, chained or otherwise—in fact, they see but little of Kings, unless, perhaps, on occasion—quietly, after supper, no active warlike operations being in hand—when they may sometimes meet a few, say a quartette, around the table; though, unfortunately, it is not always the Kings in such instances who find themselves in chains.

Perhaps the whole trouble comes from the worship of the "given point." One city has a parade which takes four hours to pass the point; a rival city must needs have one that takes six hours to pass it. This is unworthy of us; we should remember that old favorite of the amateur humorist, the village toper, who was declared to be longer than any procession, since it took him all day to pass a given point—if the point were a tavern.

—HAYDEN CARRUTH.

We are very polite nowadays. For instance, we call a politician's lie a promise.

The Fruits of a Superstition

AMONG the queer revelations which his biography made about Mr. Parnell, not the least curious was his susceptibility to superstitions. He was not a man of excitable temperament. A large part of his power over his Irish following lay in their conviction that he was free from their national weakness in that respect. No amount of abuse seemed to break the tenor of his thought, or to disturb his equanimity. Seeing him stand before the great audience which gathered to meet him in Philadelphia, with no more response to their enthusiasm than they might have got from a stone image, I should have assumed that he was as free from the minor weaknesses of humanity as are his favorite mathematics from the ordinary elements of error. Yet he would have nothing to do with a bill which had thirteen clauses, and he could not abide the chosen color of the country he was championing.

Superstition, in truth, is much more widely diffused than appears on the surface. It probably lingers longer and is more potent among the rural populations of the world than in the cities. We have many farmers in America who cling to the belief that the moon affects the change of the weather, in spite of abundant scientific proof to the contrary. We also have farmers who insist on planting crops which are to grow downward when the moon is on the wane, and those which are to grow upward when she is in her first and second quarters. The presence of the horseshoe over the doors of barns and farmhouses tells a like story. But the farmers have no monopoly of such foolishness. No sailor will start on Friday if he can avoid it, or sail in a ship called Jasper, or with a cat or a corpse on board. And many think a clergyman of any sort even more unlucky than a corpse. In Europe the superstition about thirteen is so strong that the hotels skip that number in numbering their rooms; and no European city has a Thirteenth Street.

Most generally superstitions are mischievous survivals of usages for which there once was some reason. Such is the disuse of the left hand on account of the notion that it is the unlucky hand. This dates from the time when every man was a soldier, using his right hand for spear or sword and his left only for defense of his heart. Thus the left hand came to be thought unlucky as an agent of action, and the left side was contrasted with that which was in every sense right. The devil stood at men's left shoulders, and whoever spilled the salt threw some over the left shoulder to placate him. Hence "left-handed compliments."

The result has been most unhappy in converting a naturally bimanual race into one crippled by the disuse of the left hand. Children are actually punished for showing a disposition to use the left hand equally with the right. They are encouraged to do everything with the right hand, to the excessive development of one side of the body at the expense of the other. They are generally taught to write with the favored hand alone, so that when anything occurs to make it unfit for use they have no hand at all. It is time for a change in educational methods in this respect.

Superstition is a weakening of the mind against which we should be always on our guard. It is an implied atheism, as it assumes either that God does not rule the world or that He admits elements of absurdity into His rule of it. The best way is to do with set purpose everything which superstition forbids, and never try to "keep on the safe side" in such things.

—ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON

At the English Court

The Queen has a decided predilection for American girls. This is well known, and were Her Majesty otherwise disposed the chances are that not anyth like so many English titles would journey across the Atlantic to find American brides. To be thoroughly aristocratic now one has almost *got* to marry an American girl, and the aristocracy of England is rapidly becoming half American. Both the American money and the American blood are setting certain portions of the aristocracy of England on its feet, strengthening it physically and financially, and giving many families the prospect of a much longer lease of life and position than perhaps was their due. American girls have always been hospitably received at the English Court, and, for that matter, so have American men. For many years now America's representative has always been a man of culture and endowed with a genial humor, and Ambassador Choate is no exception.

It is told that the last occasion on which he dined with the Queen he paid Her Majesty a compliment which highly pleased the old lady. Her Majesty and her guests were discussing America, and the Queen said that she considered it a pity the Constitution of the United States did not allow of the President leaving the country. She said, although an ex-President had on several occasions visited our shores, how much pleasure England would take in entertaining a President then being. Mr. Choate, after assuring Her Majesty that it was not law but custom that kept the President at home, added:

"But it is just as well our Presidents are not allowed to visit England."

"Do you really think so? Why?"

"Because after visiting Your Majesty every one of them would return to Washington a monarchist."

*

General Osborne, Consul-General for the United States here in London, tells a very good story of Tom Ochiltree at the Hotel Cecil. Readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST do not require to be informed that Colonel Ochiltree can say a few words when the occasion calls for them, and those few words very much to the point. Well, he spent last summer in Europe, and, being rather fond of London, he put in a great deal of time in the Ancient City and held a semi-court in the smoking-room of the Cecil, a hostelry now well known to American travelers. One evening Tom Ochiltree had gathered around him a party of congenial spirits, including among their number Consul-General Osborne and some Embassy officials. They were all seated in the smoking-room, making merry, when their ears caught the sound of a loud voice speaking with a strong German accent. Neither the loudness of the tones nor the accent interested Tom Ochiltree, but the subject of the one-man conversation was America.

The speaker, a handsome, well-set-up man, let it be clearly understood that he was a German officer—they are not a bashful nor overmodest lot—and that he had a contemptuous opinion of America and Americans. He sarcastically summed up people and country, and wound up by ridiculing the American military abilities, saying that the German Emperor at the head of two hundred thousand German troops could march from New York to San Francisco without needing to stop for anything but refreshments. When this belittling tirade came to an end Ochiltree got upon his feet. Only two paces separated the American and German groups, and Ochiltree took them with a snap. Placing his knuckles upon the table, he glared into the eyes of the German officer, who, unabashed, glared back. At length Ochiltree began to speak, at first very quietly but very distinctly:

"You, sir, have been ventilating your ignorance and impertinence at the expense of the glorious Republic of which I am proud to be even the humblest of citizens, and you, sir, have used a tone of voice out of all proportion to the necessities of your party. I therefore take it that your remarks were intended for the room, and being so intended any one in the room is entitled to call your statements into question. Now, sir, you have been deriding the prowess of American citizen soldiers and upholding your own accursed system and machine-made warriors. Do you realize, sir, that even before your Empire was consolidated the citizen soldiers of the Mighty Republic had met and fought and slain one million of the finest soldiers that ever handled gun?"

"One million of the best soldiers?" sneered the German. "Strange we never heard of it. Who were they?"

Then Ochiltree opened out his lungs until the sound of his voice caused the electric lights to dance. "Ourselves, sir; Americans, sir," he thundered; "the bravest, noblest, most intelligent, most inventive, freest, the most glorious, strong and daring soldiers that God has made, sir! When we fought, one million of us fell in the Civil War, slain by the soldiers you in your crass ignorance sought to blackguard! Where can you point to such a record? A few thousand miserable Austrians, a few thousand hysterical Frenchmen! Let your upstart Empire bow its modern head to the glory crowned Republic of the West!"

The Americans set up a cheer, the Britishers laughed heartily, and the Germans retired.

*

One would scarcely expect to hear reminiscences of A. T. Stewart at a Lord Mayor of London's banquet. I was present at the Lord Mayor's feast to the representatives of Literature and Art and found myself sitting between Mr. T. P. O'Connor and an elderly man who was a thorough type of the English country gentleman. That he had the slightest connection with Literature or Art was out of the question, and I therefore made up my mind that once on a time he had been a great one in the city of London and was now as a matter of fact one of our hosts. We started together with empty stomachs and light hearts to undertake the tremendous dinner that is invariably served at the Mansion House, but I soon found, to use a turf expression, that I could not "stay the course."

Before the dinner was half through I had finished, but the old gentleman stuck manfully to the [illegible] a solitary item. However, he was an ente[illegible] tionalist the while and finally drifted to American topics. I asked him if he knew the States well, and he answered that once upon a time he did, but that time was now close on forty years distant and he had not been across the Atlantic for thirty odd years. Finding me interested, he asked if I had ever heard of A. T. Stewart, the mighty New York merchant. I told him everybody had. "Well," he continued, "I was A. T. Stewart's partner, but I made enough and retired so long ago now that I do not like to think of the number of years. When we entered into partnership Stewart said to me, 'Let's decide now how much money we want to make before retiring. What do you think?' I thought the matter over and said that fifty thousand pounds—a quarter of a million dollars—would satisfy me, and that if I ever found myself possessed of that amount I would chuck business forever. He said, 'Very well; so will I,' and we shook hands over it. One day I found that I was worth the quarter-million. I went to Stewart and reminded him of our compact, but the fever of money-making was in his blood and he seemed thunderstruck that I should think of quitting a business that was doing so well. But I had enough. I pulled out my money, shook hands with Stewart, came back to my home in England, bought myself a small estate, and have lived here ever since. Never for a moment have I regretted my action, although my partner, continuing the business, made such a colossal fortune." The old fellow took a good swig at the loving-cup and left for his estate in Derbyshire.

*

The Earl of Dunraven is a Tory of the most militant, shellback type, and at the same time he ruined his reputation in America by his charges against the yacht Defender, which afterward he was unable to substantiate, he seriously impaired his popularity over here. Englishmen object to a fellow-countryman making an exhibition of himself, and the general impression here is that His Lordship acted foolishly. Only the other day Lord Dunraven received a gentle reminder that his fatuous charges against American yachtsmen were not forgotten by any means. He is one of the reactionary members of the London School Board. If only citizens of the United States knew how Londoners have to fight for popular education against thick-headed Toryism, they would not wonder at the ignorance and drunkenness that is met with in the poorer quarters of the mighty metropolis. Dunraven was hauling a Board schoolmaster over the coals for being, as he claimed, the worse for liquor, and on investigation it turned out that the charge was quite unfounded. Mr. John Lobb, quite a character in his way, and also a member of the School Board, in making a report of the matter, wound it up with the following words: "In fact, this case turns out to be a second occasion on which the noble Lord mistakenly believed a gentleman to have taken on an unjust amount of ballast."

*

Whenever there is a ruction on with a foreign Power the Cabinet meets, and whenever the Cabinet meets a crowd of people, consisting of visitors, vagabonds and victims of laziness in general, gathers near to Downing Street to witness the arrival of the Cabinet Ministers and cheer or hoot as the spirit moves. The British workmen in the vicinity seize the chance of sight-seeing in their employers' time and gather in considerable numbers, and their remarks are full of sarcasm as a usual thing, for really the worker in England is no respecter of persons. When Kruger's defiant dispatch arrived a Cabinet meeting was hastily summoned. The crowd, under the witchery of promised war, was larger and more enthusiastic than usual, but the British workman cares little one way or another for war, and under all circumstances is much the same sort of animal. This day he was passing his remarks at the expense of the just and the unjust alike. After various minor Cabinet lights had passed in, a carriage was seen to be approaching, and in the carriage, huddled up, sat Lord Salisbury. Now Lord Salisbury is really a very big man, physically. He is also very fat, and he fills a carriage pretty effectively all by himself. As his carriage slowly passed the crowd a loud mouthed workman bawled out, "Oh, Bill, look! 'Ere's Sir Alfred Milner's irreducible minimum."

Salisbury looked around, his broad face broke into a smile, and the crowd cheered.

*

It is not often that Mr. Tody Hamilton, the genial American press representative of Barnum & Bailey's circus, "gets left," but one of the occasions happened recently at Portsmouth, where the show was. The show has been floated as a limited liability company, and a great many people have invested sums small and large in it. At one of the performances, up rolled a sailor none too sober, and demanded free admittance because he was a part proprietor. He insisted, and was passed over to Hamilton.

"What do you hold in this company?" asked Tody.

"I 'old one bloomin' share, I do."

"By the way, what's its number?" Tody asked innocently. "Number 127,568," answered the man.

"Oh, number 127,568, is it? Well, sir, do you see that heavy guy rope at the corner there?" pointing outside. "That's your part of the show."

Off rolled the sailor, whipped out his knife, and instantly the rope kicked up, and the corner of the tent gave signs of collapse. When the caretakers rushed at him and demanded to know how he dared cut one of their tent supports, the sailor blinked and said: "D'ye mind handing me down that rope? It's mine, you know."

—E. W. SABEL.

THE AUTUMN WALK

By JOE LINCOLN

WE'RE a-walkin'—me and you—down the old wood-path we knew
When the world was younger, Marthy, and our love was younger, too,
Where you told me soft and low, as we wandered to and fro,
That through life you'd walk beside me wheresoever I might go,
And the buds were bu'stin' fair, and the spring was in the air,
And the world was full of promise and our hearts were free from care.

Now it's in the autumn days and the woods are all ablaze,
And the leaves so golden yeller are a carpet on the ways,
Like that cloak the feller spread, in the book we both have read,
Down before the Queen he loved so, fer her pretty foot ter tread
And you're still my Queen, you see, same's you allers uster be,
Though old Time has brought the autumn of our lives ter you and me.

Yes, it's autumn with us, dear, and the winter's gettin' near,
And our days are fallin' swiftly like these leaves a-fallin' here
But they're golden days and bright, though our heads are drifted white,
Fer we've trod the road together through the darkness and the light
And we've faced the bitter blast, and we've seen the clouds drift past
And the rosy rainbow shinin' when the sun came out at last.

But through foul days and through fine, through the shadow and the shine,
You have bravely walked beside me and I've felt your hand in mine,
And as now once more we've strolled down this pathway paved with gold,
Why, I'm still your lover, Marthy, same as in the days of old,
And I shall be till the swing of Time's pendulum shall bring
Round the day that turns my autumn to an everlastin' spring.

FOR the FREEDOM of the SEA

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

Twenty-Second Chapter

(Continued)

IT WAS quite evident from his dress that the man lying on the floor was a seafaring man. He wore broad, long, flowing trousers, a loose blue shirt with a wide collar, open at the throat, a short jacket and a belt with cutlass and pistol still attached. His face was scratched and torn as if from contact with bushes, his clothing soaked, and his hands and face were covered with mud.

As Margaret poured the fiery stimulant down his throat he opened his eyes, and as he tasted the burning liquor, the like of which for quality had probably never before touched his lips, he gave vent to one expressive word: "More!"

"Give him another," said the Colonel. When he had received it, with a sigh of blissful content he lifted himself slowly to a sitting position and, supporting himself on his hands, blinked curiously about him. He then attempted to draw up his legs preparatory to getting upon his feet. As he did so his face whitened with pain and he sank back upon the floor, while a muttered oath escaped his clenched teeth.

"What's the matter with you?" said the Colonel, smiling with evident sympathy. "Have you the gout, also?"

"Gout, sir? No, sir; but a shot from them British, sir, carried away my left leg. It's broke short off at the catharpins, an' I can't carry sail on it no more. But beggin' your pardon, sir, I've got to find Colonel Barrett, a millingtary gent what lives in these parts. Can ye give me his bearin's, sir?"

As Margaret started, the Colonel silenced her by a wave of the hand. He would inquire further of this seafaring person before he disclosed himself in these uncertain times.

"What do you want him for?"

"I've got a message for him . . . but, beggin' your pardon, sir, I must heave ahead. I'm too late as it is now, but with this da—— Askin' your pardon again, sir, an' the lady's—this consarned leg draggin' astern of me I don't know how I'm ever to find him."

"What is your name, my man?"

"George Spicer, sir, captain of the foretop on the frigate Narragansett, Cap'n Fairford—leastways, I will be after we cut her out to-night," he added.

"Father," cried Margaret in great excitement, "it is a messenger from Blakely. He intends to capture that ship anchored in the bay to-night. Don't you see?"

"Lord love ye, miss, so he does. However did you find it out?" said the astonished sailor.

"We thought he was in Maine, but he must have come down here, father. Is he well? Where is he now, Mr. Spicer?" continued the girl.

"Don't call me mister, lady. I ain't no mister. Just plain George Spicer, I am——"

"My man," said the Colonel impatiently, "if you have any message, out with it. I am Colonel Barrett."

"Lord, now, be ye?" said Master Spicer in great surprise; "then I've got something more'n a message for ye," he added, pulling from the bosom of his frock a letter inclosed in an oilskin packet which Tullius handed to the Colonel. Tearing open the oilskin, after first identifying Fairford's well-known seal on the outside, the Colonel handed it to his daughter.

"Read it, Margaret; it must be of importance."

As Margaret recognized the familiar handwriting her heart gave a great bound. A wave of joy had overwhelmed her when the realization of her lover's nearness had been brought home to her, but as she read on the color faded out of her cheeks, and when she had finished the brief note she laid it upon the table with a long sigh of terror.

"Read it aloud," said the Colonel impatiently, and Margaret read

> "*My Dear Colonel:* I am to-night engaged in a very desperate and secret undertaking for our beloved country. You may depend upon George Spicer, the man who brings you this, as a trusty and faithful fellow. I ask you to give him a horse, and a good one, though you may never see it again, and a guide as well, for a purpose which he will explain to you. For God's sake, as you love our cause, give him this assistance at whatever cost. Though this last is a small matter, I will add that my life and liberty as well probably depend upon your action. My love and duty to Margaret. No more.
>
> "In haste, your affectionate kinsman,
>
> [illegible]

"Oho," said the Colonel, his face lightening as a soldier's might before a coming battle, "something's up. Well, what is it, my man?"

"Why, sir, Cap'n Fairford is goin' to cut out the Narragansett where she rides at her anchors below here, to-night. He told me to tell ye he was goin' to get away about six bells, eleven o'clock, if he succeeds."

"It's half after that now," ejaculated the Colonel, looking at the clock. "Go on."

"Then he's goin' to head down the bay for them three—three—— Dash it all, beggin' your pardon, sir, I forgit the name."

"Three Moaning Sisters Islands," suggested Margaret. "Go on."

"Thankee, miss, that's it; them's the place, an' he thinks he'll reach there by three bells in the mid watch——"

"Half-past one o'clock," said the Colonel. "Go on, go on."

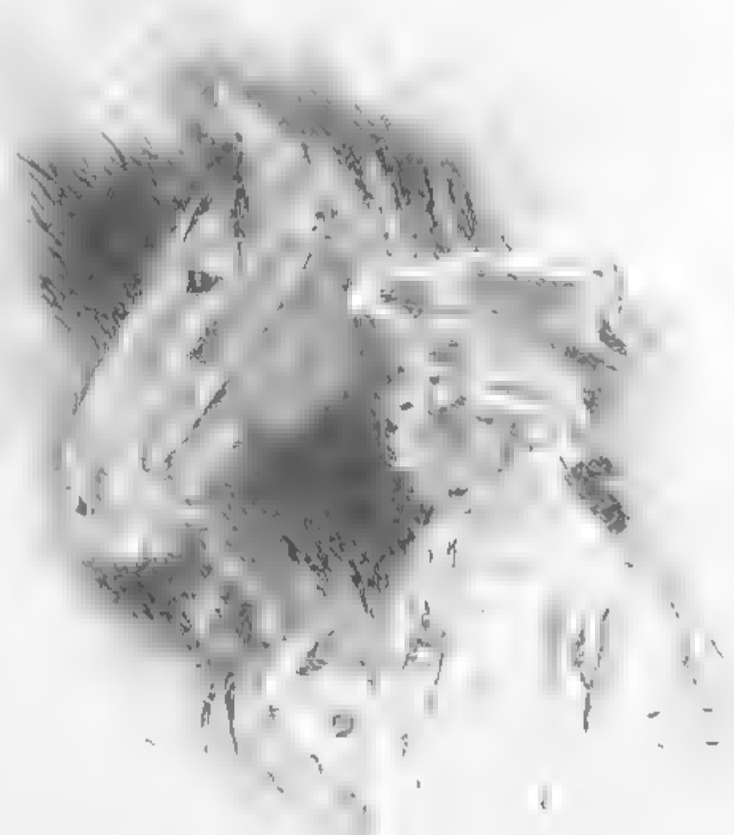
"He wants to run in through the passage between them islands an' the main shore, so's the British ships which'll be comin' after him will slip by him while he lays snug under the lee of the land; an' then, in the mornin', he'll run on down the bay an' out to sea. It's the only way he can escape bein' took again."

"Splendid!" cried the Colonel. "Capital! But what does he wish us to do?"

"He says he can't git in that there passage unless there's a light on the little p'int opposite them female islands; an' I'm to git a horse an' a lantern an' ride down there an' watch the bay, an' when I see two lights, a white one an' a red one, with the red above, I'm to light the lantern an' swing it three times athwart ships an' three times alow an' aloft, an' then hold it steady till he comes in abaft the island, an' then I'm to wait until he sends a boat off for me."

"I see," said the Colonel eagerly. "Go on, Spicer."

"Yes, sir; that's it. Now, will ye give me a light an' a horse? I should have been here an hour ago, but when I was passin' a little camp of them bloody landsharks aft there, one of 'em fired at me an' bowled me over, as I said. I had the good luck to roll down into a little shallow creek, an' I lay hid under some overhangin' trees until they hauled their wind an' gave up the chase, sayin' they guessed they'd made a mistake, an' then I crawled out of the creek on my hands an' knees, a-draggin' the other behind me like a sea anchor, an' as I come rollin' over the fields before the wind I raised the light from your windows an' beat up to the door, an' here I am, sir, an' awful dry my throat is now," said the seaman, exhausted by loss of blood, by the pain from his broken leg, and by the long speech he had made.



Clifford was held by the groom

"Give him another nip, Marcus. Well, sir, you can't ride a horse or do anything else with that leg of yours," said the Colonel.

"For God's sake, sir," returned the unconscious hero, "I've got to do it. The Cap'n, he told me the safety of the ship depended on me, leg or no leg, an' that there light has got to be lighted. It's orders."

"Then I'll have to send a man myself to do it. You have done nobly already, and what you need now is a bed and a doctor. Cicero, you get ready and do this errand."

"Me, suh? Foh de lub o' Hebin, Mars Kunnel, doan sen' me, suh. I's too ole, suh, an' too hebby; yais, suh. My! hit's—hit's fifteen miles, suh, up de road ter dat p'int, an' dere's less'en two oushs foh ter do hit in, suh; please, suh, sen' one ob de young boys, suh."

"Yes," said the Colonel reflectively, "you are rather too fat for fast riding, I fear. Tullius, you, then."

"Oh, suh, Mars Bah'et, you wouldn go foh ter sen' a po' ole niggah lak me, wid my roomatic back, out in de rain lak dis, suh? Oh, Mars, I got dat plumbago ag'in now, suh," said the man, laying a hand upon his back and groaning and writhing in well-simulated anguish.

"Shut up, you old fraud," said the Colonel. "You, Marcus? You're young enough and light enough, too."

"Mars Kunnel," said the terrified valet, falling on his knees, "I rudder be whupped daid, suh, dan tek dat ride Wid dem 'rauders a-layin' foh ter captuh weuns evywha, an' den de ghoses ob dem wimmen on dat ar islan'—'deed, suh, dey ain't none ob de boys on de plantation gwine go, 'deed dey ain't, suh——"

"You miserable cowards," said the Colonel; "I knew it, of course."

He looked helplessly from the wounded sailor to the cowering, shivering, terrified negroes.

"You see, I'll have to go, sir," said the sailor; "it's reachin' on to eight bells now; for God's sake, bear a hand with the horse."

"Nonsense; you cannot; I'll go myself," said the Colonel, momentarily oblivious, leaping to his feet, whence he immediately sank back upon his chair, groaning in agony.

"A little sprung in the partners, yourself, I see, Your Honor. Lord love ye," said the sailor, "gimme the [illegible]"

"Father, I will go," said Margaret boldly. "There is no one else. I know the way, and I have fully two hours to do it."

"Ridiculous and absurd!" exclaimed the Colonel. "What! Trust you alone, with the woods full of marauding parties, and all the loose characters of the district come to the surface, and at this hour? Are you crazy?"

"No," said Margaret bravely, though she shuddered at the possible terrors indicated by her father; "but some one must go. None of the slaves will, or, if they would, they would be so frightened when they got there they would be of no use. You cannot go, this sailor cannot go, we have no time to send for any one else; *I must go.* I will ride Clifford; there's nothing on this side of the bay can catch him. I know the road perfectly. I could follow it [illegible]"

"I tell you, you shall not [illegible]"

"Father, I must. It's for the sake of our country, and for Blake's sake, as well," she added at the dictation of her heart, in which the order of reason was reversed. "If he is to save his captured ship he must have that light to guide him in. You know in what sore straits the country is now, and how rejoiced the land will be if they escape with the ship. If anything does happen to me, I will only be giving what hundreds of others have given: my life for my country"—and my love, prompted her heart, but she did not speak the words. "You are a soldier, and I am a soldier's daughter. Say that I may go. You must say it, father."

The Colonel wavered, but there was evidently no alternative.

"It's awful to think of it," he said finally, "but I suppose you must." His reluctant assent being given, he became all business at once. "Tullius, go and have Clifford saddled and brought around to the front door, quick. Cicero, fetch me the silver-mounted flask from the sideboard. You, Marcus, get my pistols from the case in my chamber. Run quickly, daughter, and change your clothing. Put on a heavy suit, and take that military cape of mine; wear your heavy riding-boots as well, and without fail take my flint and steel also, else you might arrive at the end of your journey and not be able to strike a light. I will have one of the men prepare a lantern for you which you can hang to your saddle-bow in an oilskin bag. Hasten; you have but little time left in which to make the distance, and at best must ride fast and hard. I can't bear to see you go," he added as she ran from the room. Spicer groaned with disappointment.

"Curse this leg of mine," he growled; "it should have been better stayed."

In a short time the girl returned, attired in a rather short riding habit, and booted and spurred for her journey. Her dainty form was enveloped in her father's long military coat; on her head she had a little cocked hat tightly tied on by a handkerchief under her chin; her cheeks were flushed, her eyes shining, her mouth resolutely closed.

She had slipped the little packet of letters and the other contents of her box inside the bosom of her dress; the flask of brandy went into the pocket of her coat; she tucked the precious flint and steel inside of her dress near the letters.

Editor's Note—This story began in the Post of September 30

The lantern, carefully encased in the waterproof bag, stood on the table. Margaret came in and knelt at the side of her father's chair. The old man laid his hands upon her cheeks and looked into her upturned face

"May God guard you, daughter," he said solemnly May He help you to discharge your errand, and bring you safely back to me. Would that I had a son to spare you this," he added as she rose to her feet

"I will do the best I can to take his place, father answered Margaret simply

"I know that, my brave daughter; no woman could do more.

She stooped and kissed him, and turned away, resolutely choking down a sob

"Missy," begged Spicer, who had watched the scene respectfully, catching her gown as she passed "when you see the men on the boat the Captain promised to send for me, won't you tell them to tell him I done my duty?"

"I will, surely," promised Margaret; and, not trusting herself to look at her father again, she hurried out of the room

Twenty-Third Chapter

CLIFFORD, held by the negro groom, was standing at the foot of the steps, restlessly pawing the muddy roadway He was a graceful, beautiful animal, with long, clean-cut slender limbs, thin withers and flanks and an easy action bespeaking speed his deep, barrel-like chest gave evidence of his ability to breathe when breath came hard and the heart was breaking in some wild gallop; his back, slightly curved, and with a springing arch over the loins covering the powerful muscles of his quarters told the story of a rare strength and endurance

His small, full brained head with its thin ears, full, soft eyes, fine muzzle, dilating nostrils and wide lower jaw spoke of intelligence and feeling and a slight concavity of the frontal bone added a hallmark of good breeding to his other excellences In color he was a glossy-coated chestnut sorrel with a white blaze upon his forehead In disposition he was spirited and strong, yet gentle as a woman and playful as a child; in lineage he was high bred as a noble; and withal responsively devoted to his young mistress, who loved him as the proverbial Arab loves his steed

No one had ever ridden him but Margaret, and he was her exclusive property The girl and the horse had been familiar companions in many delightful rides over the hills and far away, but they had never undertaken such a journey as that upon which they were about entering this night. The horse was prancing and curveting arching his neck, and pawing the ground in impatient protest at being called out at this untoward hour, and in irritation at the beating of the rain upon his delicate skin

"Clifford," whispered Margaret stepping to his head, as he put his wet muzzle down against her dainty cheek "I hate to take you out. I am afraid as death to go myself, but it has to be done. We are riding for life and country and love this time, and you must bear me safe."

"All ready, Miss Margit," said the groom, who had been fastening to the saddle the bag containing the lantern

"Miss Margit," called out Marcus from the door, "Mars Kunnel he say luk ter de saddle-girt yo'se'f, missy, an' de bridle, an' de hoss, too, so as ter mek shuah; an' he say ef you meet de enemy in de paf de bes' way is ter ride him down, an' he say Gawd bress you ag in

"Tell him I shall be all right," returned Margaret

The girl followed out the practical suggestions of her soldier father, and looked carefully to the saddle-girths, tested the stirrups, tried the buckles and straps of the bridle examined the lashings by which the lantern was tied to the saddle bow, and finally thrust the Colonel's pistols into the holsters

Everything is all right, Sam," she said to the groom Then, stepping on the horse block and letting her foot rest in his massive hand, she swung her small self into the saddle gathered up the reins in her firm little hands and spoke a word to Clifford, who bounded forward into the night

Confound this gout!" exclaimed the Colonel, wiping his eyes; "it makes me cry like a baby

"Yes, sir" said Master George Spicer, sympathetically eyeing him; "I understand, sir

Margaret was too good a horsewoman to exhaust the capabilities of her steed in the first period of her journey, so she restrained his ardent desire to go on with a firm hand upon the controlling bridle, and rapidly cantered up the road which ran parallel to the shore of the bay for a short distance before it turned inward and cut off, like a bowstring, the long, outspringing curve made by the jutting shore of the bay

It was plain and easy going within the familiar and sheltered limits of their own plantation, and when she reached the great gateway which opened upon the road she drew rein a moment and looked back toward the house. The light from the window of the little room she had just left, the shutters of which had been thrown open, streamed out into the night; the old Colonel had risen to his feet in spite of the pain, and, leaning upon the supporting shoulder of Marcus with lifted hand shading his eyes, was looking vainly out in the darkness in the direction in which he knew she must have gone. A great sob rose up in her throat at the sight of her old father, and her own tears mingled with the raindrops which beat upon her cheek

This will never do; we lose time," she said at length Then lifting the lines nervously from the neck of the impatient horse, and turning her back on the house, she added Come, Clifford, we must get on. We have work to do

She started more slowly this time, but the canter of the horse grew more and more rapid until in a short time he broke into a gallop. Throwing up his head and shaking it from time to time impatiently, he gave such evidence as a dumb horse could of his wish for a relaxation of the tight grasp of the restraining little hand upon the reins; until presently, receiving the desired response to his mute appeal he went flying through the night in a long, swinging gallop which carried his rider over the ground at a great pace

The road was a familiar one to Margaret, though she had never before seen it under such circumstances, and she gave the horse his way without hesitation. She was alone at midnight in the dense woods—alone but for the companionship of her horse

AT THE WILD CRY OF THE SENTINEL THE OTHERS HAD LEAPED TO THEIR FEET

It was pitch dark, the world was only a blur to her except when the lightning flashed she felt like an isolated point in a sea of blackness, but, aided by her vivid imagination, the familiar objects of daylight began to come to life and take strange shapes and mysterious forms in the shrouding darkness The trees, showing only as black blurs, raced beside her as if instinct with infernal life; the dark sky seemed to bend low over the road, and from either side there stretched out long, waving arms, as if to clasp her in some ghostlike embrace. The inhuman silence, broken only by the thunder and the splashing of the hoofs of the horse in the wet road filled her with wild terror. The beating of her own heart the sharp catch of her nervous breathing, overwhelmed her

She trembled with fear and dread of the unseen and the unfamiliar Black shapes seemed to rise in front of her, and stand menacing Shutting her eyes when these things oppressed her, she rode recklessly into them. The swift disclosures of the lightning were scarcely less startling than the shapes of the night. As she rode wildly forward the rain beat upon her in driving sheets; low branches stripped her hat from her head, others struck her in the face or about the body, though she bent low in the saddle to avoid them

Once something caught in the coat and jerked it from her shoulders, nearly tearing her from the saddle before the loop gave way, while she screamed aloud. By and by her long hair became unfastened and streamed out behind her she shivered with cold and nervousness but still she rode on The road was a straight one; she could not mistake it; but she lost all sense of location and distance. In all her terrors however, she held herself steady with the mechanical skill of the practiced horsewoman and did not relax her hold on the reins nor lose control of the horse

Once, when he slipped in a pool of water that lay in the road, she lifted him up with all the strength of her young arms and when he shied and stopped before something lying strangely ominous before him in the roadway, she patted him and told him that he could not be so terrified as she was, urging him on, giving him courage out of and in spite of her own weakness, until the lightning flash disclosed a fallen tree which had blocked the way, and he leaped it and resumed the journey

The loneliness oppressed her frightfully, and finally took such a hold upon her that she leaned forward and patted the neck of the horse, and lavished caresses and endearing words upon him He at least, was living and tangible and real. Presently they came to the bank of a turbid stream. Ordinarily the horse could have leaped it with a single bound, but now it was a raging torrent swollen by the heavy rain. The horse hesitated in the darkness

Into it into it, Clifford!" she cried "We cannot be any wetter than we are

So encouraged, he plunged in boldly and reached the other shore in safety Margaret gave him a moment's respite here, and he stood trembling and panting upon the bank, but the eagerness of her own desire had at last been communicated to her horse by the same subtle and mysterious process by which ideas are transmitted from man to man, and of his own volition he started forward and broke into the long, swinging gallop once more

Faster, now, and faster he ran On and on they sped, bufleting away the darkness on either side, as a ship forges through the waves of the sea In a wild chase after love and safety Clifford and Margaret flew through the midnight together. The thought of her lover and the service she was to do him, the ship she was to save for her sorely pressed country, which she loved with all the strength and enthusiastic devotion of her young heart nerved her courage as the terrible moments were won

Once the thought came to her that she might be too late, and unconsciously she struck the horse fiercely with the reins, and he bounded forward wildly under the unexpected blow, nearly unseating her

Fairford might be dead—killed in the attack, perhaps. For a moment she forgot her own terror in the thought

After a time she began to look carefully about her, checking her horse the while, they must be they were nearing the end of the journey now this was Briar Creek Hill She recognized it. Only a few miles farther now, she thought, as she again urged the horse up the hill, and so on and on

At the top of the hill she reined him in abruptly. The hill sank down to a valley on the other side. Through the valley there flowed a wide and deep creek, almost a river at this short distance from its mouth, which emptied into the bay The road crossed the creek on a stone bridge with a stone parapet, and the creek was not fordable

As she stopped she saw, in the lee of the parapet of the bridge, a fire, with some dark figures grouped around it, others were walking to and fro across the bridge, securely blocking her way. The thick underbrush and the low-lying trees would prevent her from getting off the road, there was no cross road nor short cut available. She had to go either forward or back. Which should she do?

Twenty-Fourth Chapter

TO THAT question there was but one answer. Of the alternatives, she must needs go forward There was not a moment of hesitation in arriving at that conclusion

Her only indecision had been as to the way she was to pass the little outpost or foraging party whose members held the bridge. Singularly enough, in the presence of this real and palpable emergency the nervousness and timidity amounting to a frantic fear of the unknown and mysterious, the weird about her, which had made her ride a long dream of terror, left her at once, and she became as cool as the rain upon her

face. Her heart, which had been throbbing wildly, though it still continued to beat more quickly than usual, steadied and went more slowly, and if her hand and foot trembled now it was only because of the cold and wet.

It was not for nothing that she was the daughter of a line of soldiers. Weak and feeble as she was, nervous as she had been, she yet possessed the courage of her ancestry. Beyond that barrier lay the welfare of her lover, the safety of the ship, glory for her country; upon her action, and upon Clifford's, these things depended. As these thoughts flashed through her mind, she resolved in her soul that no human barrier should withstand her. Her spirits rose; it was not humanity she feared, but the eerie creatures of her imagination. In a moment she formed her plan. Leaning forward again, she patted caressingly the neck of the horse which had carried her so gallantly during the night, thus giving outward expression to him her only hope, of the affectionate gratitude which filled her heart.

"It all depends on you now, Clifford," she said aloud. "If you only do what I tell you, we shall get through safely; and, oh, Clifford, if you love me, make no noise until the time comes!"

The pleased horse arched his neck under her gloved hand, and nodded his head as if he thoroughly understood. He had been much refreshed and rested by this brief breathing space at the top of the hill, and wanted to be off again the instant the signal was given, but the girl kept him well in hand with tight rein as she quietly cantered down the slope. As she drew near the bridge she was able to make out the details of the party. Whether they were British foragers, or certain loose characters of the baser sort of her own land, who had taken advantage of the general disorder to do a little private warring upon their countrymen, she could not tell; in either instance the case would be very bad for her if she were halted and captured, and, no matter what happened, her journey would be a fruitless one if she were even temporarily detained.

She counted five or six figures huddled together in the lee of the parapet near the fire, vainly seeking shelter from the rain. One man stood squarely in the centre of the roadway, a rifle in his hand, evidently keeping watch. One or two others, also armed, lounged back and forth or, indifferent to the storm, leaned upon the parapet on the other side.

As she drew still nearer the party she laid the reins upon Clifford's neck, and by a gentle pressure turned the horse out of the highway and made him come down to a walk upon the grassy roadside, where his footfalls made no noise. She remembered the splendid advice of that bold old soldier and dashing cavalryman of the Revolution, her father.

"If an enemy bar your way, ride him down."

The noise of the rain and the blackness of the night permitted her to approach the bridge nearly without being seen or heard. A few steps farther, however, would bring her within the faint circle of the illumination of the fire.

The time for action had come.

Her heart was beating madly again, her body tingled with excitement. Had the sentry standing before her been able to note the proud, bold smile upon her lips, the look of tense resolution in her face, he would have hesitated ere he stood in her path. She forgot she was a woman as she drew the Colonel's pistol from the holster and cocked it.

Then she quietly wheeled Clifford out into the roadway. Settling herself well in the saddle, getting a firm grip on the reins again, she bent her head low over the horse's neck.

"*Now!*" she called in a loud, shrill voice—for the life of her she could not restrain that exultant cry—which was heard far above the noise of the tempest, at the same instant driving home into Clifford's flank the spur she had never used before; "*Clifford, on!*"

With the swiftness of an arrow but now released from a bow, the astonished and affrighted horse gave a great bound and sprang forward toward the bridge, for that spur to him had been like a blow in the face from a lover's hand.

"What's that?" sharply cried the man on watch in the middle of the road on the bridge. "Hello, who comes——"

He never finished the sentence. A great black shape sprang upon him out of the darkness like an apparition, two great fiery eyes looked into his own; he caught a fleeting glimpse of blood-red nostrils widely distended; above the horse's head a white face showed in the firelight, teeth set, eyes shining, and then something huge and tremendous struck him in the breast like an avalanche. As he fell back upon the bridge with a shriek of terror, under the mighty impact, an iron hoof struck him in the head with terrific force and beat out his brains.

At the wild cry of the sentinel the others had leaped to their feet, and the two already standing sprang back upon the road in futile attempt to bar the way and check her progress.

As well attempt to stop the thunderbolt.

They saw the flash of a pistol, heard its quick, sharp crack. One of them fell back against the parapet, groaning with a bullet in his shoulder. The great bulk of the horse struck the other upon the shoulder as he caught at the bridle, and brushed him aside like a leaf in a storm. There was a thunder of hoofs upon the bridge, a spark struck off by the iron shoes of the horse, and a moment after a rifle-shot rang out in the night.

On the instant Clifford gave one superhuman bound forward, and they disappeared

Her ... heard him; he must ... heard it herself.

in the darkness. They were over; they had broken away; in her mad excitement Margaret struck him and spurred him again and again. Pursuit would have been futile in any event, and since there were no horses with the party on the bridge it was not even attempted. She never thought of it, however, as she swept through the air like a swallow.

By and by her senses returned to her, in a measure, but now she found she had entirely lost control of her horse. She might as well have tugged at an iron bar as to attempt to restrain him with the reins. For the first time in his life he failed to respond to her voice; he ran forward, forward, madly. Flakes of foam from his mouth, tossed up by his head and blown back by his wild racing, clung to her habit as they tore through the night. A wild exultation took possession of her; the blood burned in her face; the mad joy of the hunter filled her veins. He would have his way; well, she would let him go; she even found herself urging the horse onward recklessly; forward, ever forward, on and on they flew. Her heart sang the song of triumph; her soul knew no fear. In wonder she found herself crying incoherently aloud.

But such a pace could not last. Besides, they must be nearing the end of their journey now. She remembered that there was a great rock by the side of the road, and beyond that opened a footpath which led through the wood and underbrush half a mile or more to the water's edge, where she was to display the light.

Suddenly a great black monolith loomed up beside her. She tried to turn in, but in vain; they passed it in a flash. She must stop now, if for no other reason than that she was killing the horse. She tried to check him with the rein and with her voice, but, as before, in vain. He had been running at full speed, but now she noticed that his speed was gradually diminishing, though he still held straight on.

She could hear his deep, panting breath coming from him like a human sob. She tried to check him again and again, to bring him to a stop, but as if moved by some blind instinct of ambition, or as if the accumulative intensity of the two hours' advance had impressed itself finally upon his personality, he still continued straight ahead, and straight ahead he would go till he died. Wonder at the actions of the horse for the moment supplanted other emotions in her. His pace was slower now—slower—almost a walk. She had ceased her pull at the reins, and laid her hand tenderly upon his drooping neck. He staggered now, staggered again, and fell forward. What was the matter? Ah, she knew.

After realizing the inevitable, she quickly disengaged her foot from the stirrup, and as he slowly sank, panting and gasping to the ground, she stood beside him. She was all a woman again. A great sob rose in her throat. The random rifle-shot at the bridge had struck the horse. He had bled to death, the wild ride had used his vitality up the sooner, and she had urged him on; they would ride no more together.

He had done his splendid part to bring her to the haven where she would be.

He had done his duty and borne himself nobly and well, though he was only a horse, dying in the effort with all the gallantry and resolution of the most distinguished of his kind. With nervous, trembling fingers she detached the lantern from the saddle-bow, and then knelt down and for a moment laid her cheek against that of the dying horse. She left a kiss upon his wet face—a kiss for the like of which many men would have died, but she had no time to mourn further then. "Good-by, Clifford," she sobbed. Then rising to her feet, she picked up her skirts and ran back along the road.

Twenty-Fifth Chapter

UNDER the lee of the great stone she found the pathway and plunged boldly into the forest. Strange sounds met her ear again. The weird shapes which had so alarmed her at the beginning of her journey were nearer to her now. Each blur of darkness seemed a danger. The underbrush impeded her way; brambles caught her garments, checking her progress. Her long, wet skirts clung to her and retarded her steps, but she pressed on.

Once a shadowy arm reached out and laid a hand upon her head; she felt a sudden pull upon her flying hair, and would have shrieked and fainted but for her unfulfilled errand; so she reached back a trembling hand and disengaged her tresses from the tree-bough and pressed on again.

Now she could hear the splash of the waves upon the shore. The wind had been roaring through the tree-tops above her, and as she came out upon the open rock in front of the islands she was almost swept from her feet by the force of the gale.

Here was the spot. Long familiarity enabled her to reach the point of vantage from which she was to swing the light. Was she too late? Her eyes eagerly swept the bay for the signal. There was not a light to be seen. He had not come, or else he had gone by. She would wait. She would wait until the morning, if necessary, so she sank down upon the rocky point, keeping her eyes upon the bay.

She first made sure that the lantern was safe under the oilskin. Then her hand went to the bosom of her dress. Yes, there were the flint and steel—there, too, was the little leather packet. She did not dare to make a light to see where she was or what time it was. She did not know but that the woods might be filled with enemies, real and unreal, to whom the spark struck by the steel would betray her. Her salvation was to sit still, and this was the hardest of her trials.

Shivering with cold, a chill as of death upon her, she was unutterably weary. She missed the companionship—I had almost said the sympathy—of her noble horse. She lacked the freedom given by his rapid motion, the feeling of power and mastery which she had when she rode him. In the face of the intangible and unreal her terrors came back again with increasing force.

Hark! what was that sound she heard above the breaking of the waves, the roar of the wind, the beat of the rain, the crash of a thunder-clap? A low, moaning sound, oft repeated; a deep, mournful note like the wail of a lost spirit, crushed with despair.

The weird sound came from the "Three Moaning Sisters" on the other side of the narrow pass.

She knew the tradition of the three maidens who, one evening early in the century which had passed, had gone out for a row, and whose boat had been driven by a sudden squall upon the three jagged rocks on the point of the island beyond which her lover sought safety and near which the poor girls had been drowned. It was told in every negro hut and whispered in every cabin that the spirits of the three unfortunate women had hung about these perilous reefs since that day, and that there was death before those who heard their warning voices.

She had often laughed at the absurd superstition—mocked at the foolish legend as an old wife's tale.

Were those voices of the dead calling her? Whose death did they betoken? Not Fairlord's—not his. Again and again she heard the weird cry. She could have shrieked aloud in terror. What was the hour? Was it to-day or yesterday that she had set forth upon her mad ride? For what had she come here, to this lonely, desolate, blasted spot?

Ah! Up the bay there was a light shining like a single star in the blackness of the night, a white light, and above it a moment later there gleamed balefully another light of red.

It was the signal. Her heart bounded once more, her fears vanished again.

Thank God! she was in time.

Nervously she tore open the bosom of her dress. Seizing the flint and steel, and turning her back to the wind and rain, she finally succeeded, after repeated failures, in igniting

the wick of the lantern. The lights were nearer now—much nearer; they were making toward her with the swiftness of the storm itself

Throwing aside the oilskin cover, she rose to her feet with the light in her hand.

What were the directions which had been given to the sailor?

Out in the bay, Fairford and Ludlow were standing together on the deck of the frigate Old Rhodes was stationed near the wheel, which was in charge of two skilful and trusty seamen. The others of the crew were disposed at points of need, all eagerly watching the shore. The flying moments were filled with deep anxiety.

"I hope to God Spicer met with no mishap," said the Captain. "I would not dare take the ship in past the rocks on Three Sisters Islands without that light, and unless we get in there, with these two vessels behind us and the British ships before, we'll be hemmed in, surrounded, and have absolutely no chance of escape. If we do get in there, however, and lie to for a few hours, they will probably pass on, and, not seeing us at the mouth of the bay in the morning, may imagine that we have gone to sea. At any rate, we'll have all our foes before us in that event, and that will give us a fighting chance."

"Have we nearly reached the point whence we should beat up for the island pass, think you?" asked Ludlow.

"Almost, I think," said Fairford anxiously, "as near as this black night will enable me to judge. It's about sixteen knots from where we cut her out of the pass, and as the road cuts off the big bend of the bay, it is only fifteen miles from Colonel Barrett's to the point. Margaret and I have often ridden it together."

"I took the ride once with Miss Heathcote myself," said Ludlow, sighing.

"Yes," said Fairford; "how embarrassing it is that she and Sir James are aboard! Ships of war are no place for women. What to do with them I know not. I cannot spare the time nor the men to set them ashore. They'll even have to go with us, I suppose."

"I suppose so," replied Ludlow, his heart bounding at the thought of the privileges the companionship would give him with Evelyn, whom he still loved.

"Better show the lights now, I think. Forward, there. Hang up those lights on the foreshrouds, the red one above the white one," said the Captain. "You stay aft, Ludlow. I'll take my station in the forecastle to con her in. Do you see anything of the other ships?"

"No, sir," replied the latter, sweeping the bay behind him.

"That's well. Stand by for orders, and see that they are obeyed promptly, for all our sakes."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the young officer.

When Fairford reached the forecastle the lights had been displayed. Eagerly he searched the black blur of the shore toward which he was sailing as nearly as he dared go. In order to get a better view, he sprang into the foreshrouds and stood upon the sheer-poles, and leaned far out into the night. There was no evidence whatever that his signal had been seen. He was in a perfect agony of suspense. The ship was sweeping through the water at a tremendous rate; it would soon be too late; once past the point, he would have to go on—he could never beat back to the pass.

"I should have sent two messengers—three," he muttered, "to provide for accident. It was too great a task for one man. I dare not take the ship in without that light."

Ah, what was that ahead there—that glow in the darkness? Fairford's heart stood still as the light ahead of him moved three times from side to side, then thrice up and down.

The signal! The signal! They were safe!

He fixed his eye upon it as it stood steady now—the faint beacon which meant salvation.

"Starboard the helm! Man the weather braces!" His voice rang through the ship like a cry of triumph, telling in its vibrations the story of success.

"I'll make a boatswain's mate of that man," he said to himself, as in obedience to his orders the ship swung in toward the shore, and, with the wind on her quarter, rushed for the wished for pass.

Out on the jutting point a woman stood holding in her trembling hands the light which lighted her lover's path, the light which showed her country's ship the way.

The red and white lights before her were suddenly extinguished, but that gave her no uneasiness. She knew why (she divined the reason)—that it was to prevent the other ships from observing the motions of the chase. Exultation was in her heart again. She had lighted the beacon, so she waited in a fever of excitement.

By and by a great black cloud drew into the pass out of the bay. She heard the groaning of the spars and the straining sails. Aided by a lightning flash, she even detected the white waves in the darkness boiling and foaming about the bows. The ship was safe.

As the vessel glided by the point the moaning of the weird sisters of the storm broke upon her ear. She heard the splash of the falling anchor in the still water beneath the point, the flap of heavy canvas, the creaking of blocks, sharp words of command, the rush of the cable through the hawse-pipe.

Her work was over; her task had been performed: like Spicer, she had done her duty.

The lamp fell from her nerveless hand to her feet; reaction came, and she sank down beside it, feeble, exhausted, fevered, delirious; what happened to her now mattered not—her lover was saved.

The rain beat upon her. In her ear she heard the wild cry of the sisters of the wind. Was it her death those cries betokened?

She drowsed wearily, and thence knew no more.

Twenty-Sixth Chapter

OUT on the ship hard work was going on, and the eager men worked with speed. The boats had been called away, and the English prisoners were being set upon the shore of the three islands.

Inasmuch as they outnumbered his own crew, Fairford felt that there was no security for the captured ship until he got rid of them. He explained to the senior English officer left, who demurred greatly, that the islands were in full sight of the English ships which were constantly passing up and down the bay, and their rescue from them would be a matter of scarcely a day. At any rate, rescue or no rescue, he was compelled to dispose of them, and boats were immediately called away, and the work of landing them at once began. They were disarmed, brought on deck in small groups, and securely guarded until they were put on shore.

After discharging the first load of prisoners upon the island, the first boat, instead of immediately returning to the ship, as the others did, for another cargo of captured humanity, made its way to the point on the mainland where the light had been shown, to pick up Spicer, as Fairford had promised.

"He should be cruisin' around hereabouts," said old Joe, who was in command, as he beached the boat on the shingle, "if he's got any sense o' bein' where he ought to be. Spicer," he called loudly, "ahoy, mate! Dash it all," he said, as no response was made to the hail which he several times repeated, "I suppose I've got to work up to that there p'int and carry him down, he seems to have got so bashful like. Come along, Thompson. The rest of you stay here. Gimme that lantern. Have you got your cutlass, Bill?" he continued, leaping on shore.

"Ay," responded the seaman laconically, rising from the thwart where he had pulled stroke oar, and following the older man. The two made their way to the rocky headland whence the light had been seen.

"Spicer—George—where are you, man? Why don't you answer; are you deaf?" he called anxiously. "D'ye see him, mate?"

"Blast this rain—can't hear nor see nothin'," replied Thompson, while the two old men went wavering blindly about over the little uneven plateau. Suddenly Rhodes' foot struck something.

"Hello," he said, "I've struck a reef. Is this you, Spicer? If it is, you blank fool, why don't you pipe up? Show a light, Bill. Sink me," he exclaimed in the utmost astonishment, "if it ain't a female!"

"Female what?" said the matter of fact Thompson.

"Female woman. What d'ye think it was—an elephant?"

"Is she dead?" said the man, ignoring this last bit of sea sarcasm.

"No, she ain't," replied the old seaman, tenderly laying his hand upon her.

"Here's a doused light; she must 'a' showed it herself. What a night for a woman to be adrift in! Wonder who 'tis?" said Bill.

"Well, it's not Spicer, that's one thing certain," answered Rhodes confidently.

"What'll you do with her?" said Thompson.

"I guess we'd better take her aboard," said the boatswain's mate dubiously. "We can't leave her out here to die, though wot the Cap'n'll say to me for bringin' another female critter on the ship I can't say."

"I don't like it myself. Wimmen are reg'lar—— What's that Bible feller's name what got swallered by a whale? Jones, ain't it? Yes, reg'lar Joneses on a man-o'-war," said Thompson gloomily. "I never did swaller that yarn, nohow; ain't never seen no whale with a throat big enough to take in a Jones, and I've stuck a harpoon into some whales in my day, too."

"Which his name ain't Jones, but Jonah; and I want to tell you, Bill Thompson, that as for me, I believe every word in the Bible, and you better do it, too, if you want a safe anchorage in Davy Jones' locker by and by; which I say meanin' no disrespect to God. If that whale had as big a mouth for men as you've got for grog, he'd took in a whole family of Joneses," responded old Rhodes severely, checking any further theological discussion by resting his case, as many better men have done, on his individual authority as a boatswain's mate as distinguished from mere able seamen. "And I don't want to stand here gabblin' with you all night, nuther. It's plain to you that this here woman is not the man we want. Howsomever, he told us to get Spicer, and as he's not here we'll do the next best thing."

"Wonder where Spicer is, anyhow?" said the abashed William, trying to ingratiate himself with the superior Rhodes again. "The old man told him he was goin' to make him a boatswain's mate if he done the job seamanlike. Wonder if he'll make this here female one?"

"Don't be another fool again, Thompson. Your head's gettin' that soft I'll make a rope fender out of it when we git back. You ketch her aft and I'll take her forward, here. Easy now—easy."

The two men lifted their precious burden, one at the shoulders and one at the feet, and gently carried it down the hill and deposited it carefully in the boat amid the wondering comments of the crew.

"Is that Spicer, mate?" inquired one.

"What have you got there, Joe?" asked another.

"Law, if it ain't a woman!" cried a third.

"Belay your jaw-tackle, all hands of you," said the old man sternly. "Bill, you take the helium, and make for the ship. I've got to hold the female. Shove off, out oars; give way."

"Well, I wisht I was Joe with that woman," said the stroke oar, surveying that veteran seaman holding the slender woman as gingerly as if she had been a baby.

"Shut up, blast you," responded that individual lately. "I'll break the head of the first man that says another word. This here a no woman; she's a lady, you swabs, and she saved the ship, which she wouldn't 'a' done if she'd 'a' knowed you as long as I've done, you worthless hay-makers."

"What have you got there?" asked Fairford, as Rhodes, assisted by the others, dragged his burden up through the gangway. "It isn't Spicer, is it? By Heavens, another woman! It's too much; do you want to turn the ship into a nunnery?"

"Well, Your Honor," said Rhodes dubiously, "Spicer, he weren't on the p'int, and there weren't nobody there but this here female passen, and I guessed I'd bring it off. Seemed a pity to let it be dyin' there, and then—well," he went on boldly, "she lighted the lantern for us, and there weren't anybody else there, and I couldn't leave her alone."

"Show the light here," said Fairford quickly, as the truth began to dawn upon him. "Good Heavens, it's Margaret!" he cried in amazement as the light fell upon her drawn, white face with its closed eyes.

"Is she dead? Give her to me," he cried fiercely, every fibre in his body throbbing responsive to her presence as he picked her up in his arms and bore her into the cabin.

Evelyn was there packing up preparatory to going ashore with the rest, Sir James preferring that contingency to a further cruise under the American flag. Fairford carried his dripping burden into the room and laid it down upon one of the lockers.

"Why, it is Margaret!" exclaimed Evelyn in terrified surprise, rushing up to her. "Captain Fairford, how came she here?"

"She must have lighted the beacon that got us into this haven," said Fairford solemnly. "Think of it; that awful ride, this awful night! Where can Spicer be?"

"Shall we take her back to the shore with us?" queried Sir James anxiously.

"I fear not," answered the young Captain in great anxiety. "I do not think she could possibly venture. A further exposure in this wild weather would kill her."

"Certainly, she cannot be taken away in this state," said Evelyn. "She must be attended to here and at once. See how dreadfully she looks. You need not pack up any more for me, Sir James; I shall stay with her. I love her, poor darling."

"Of course, if you stay, I must stay, too," said Sir James ruefully.

"May Heaven reward you for this, Evelyn. For God's sake, take care of her!"

Fairford stopped abruptly and looked in anguish of soul down upon the white face of the girl he loved. His whole adventure was nothing, his triumph was turned to bitterness unless she recovered.

"I understand all about it," said Evelyn impatiently. "Now leave us alone. Hand me my medicine chest, Sir James."

After Fairford had reluctantly left the cabin, Evelyn knelt down beside her friend and forced a restorative between her closed lips. In a little while she stirred uneasily and muttered something, and opened her [illegible].

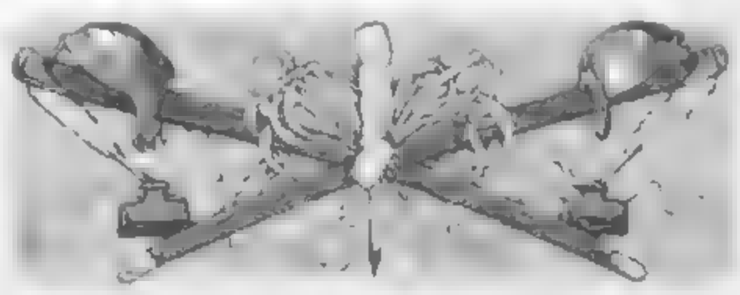
"The light! The light! I did it! Won't you take the rose now, Blake?" said the feeble voice.

Up on the deck Fairford communicated the news of Margaret's wonderful heroism to Ludlow in the pauses permitted by their arduous duties. The two officers marveled. That one feeble woman had made the terrible journey alone seemed almost incredible.

Fairford readily surmised that something had happened to Spicer, and that Margaret had taken his place, though he wondered why the Colonel had not done it himself. To his love, the love which he had endeavored to repress so sternly, and which had only grown greater under his insistence, was added a boundless gratitude. Whatever of reward came to him personally, whatever service he would be able to render his country, would be due to her. He had thought three men not enough for the task which had been accomplished by one feeble woman.

How small and weak and helpless she had looked as she lay in his arms, her glorious hair unbound, matted and tangled, her dress soaking with water, rent and torn, the bosom torn open, one glove gone from the little hand. His heart yearned toward her as a mother's heart turns to her child. There was protection as well as adoration in his soul. O God! he prayed, if she could be spared, if she could take no harm from this wild ride! At every possible moment he inquired for her until Evelyn forbade him the cabin, and so in piteous anxiety and dreadful foreboding the long night wore away. And yet there was a joy in the presence upon his own ship of the maiden he loved. He could sympathize with his friend and understand the glad light in his face and the joyful thrill in his voice when he spoke of Evelyn remaining with them.

The two men were like boys in their buoyant happiness, and, in longing for the morrow, thought nothing of the dangers and difficulties entailed by the presence of women on a ship whose sole mission was to fight, whose only end and aim was bloodshed and destruction.



(TO BE CONTINUED)

AUTHORS *and* PUBLISHERS

By Molly Elliot Seawell

LITERATURE is a trade as well as an art, just as every artist is an artisan as well as an artist. It is on this side of literature—the trade and artisan side of it—that the author and the publisher come in contact.

In no art is the artist so dependent upon a human medium to reach his public as the author is upon the publisher. To musicians or actors an agent is a convenience rather than a necessity. Their success depends wholly upon the number of persons they can get to listen to them. But the author is not an author at all until he has got a publisher, and a good publisher at that. For there are good publishers—a saying as hard for some people to accept as it is for a part of the world to believe that there is such a thing as an honest lawyer. There are also bad publishers, but the statement is hazarded that in no profession or business are the sheep and the goats more completely differentiated than in the publishing business. The good publishers are not necessarily confined to the great publishing houses, although it may be safely asserted that no publishing firm ever rose to greatness except upon a foundation of fair dealing as well as intelligence.

But there are always enough men and women aching to get into print without any qualification for it, and always enough innocents abroad to keep the disreputable publishers afloat.

It may be asked how the postulant can tell the good from the bad. There is one sure, infallible test. When a publisher suggests that an author shall put up several hundred dollars in order to get his book published, claiming at the same time to have as good facilities for placing the book as any other publisher, he is a safe man to let alone. The two things are quite incompatible. If the book is worth publishing, a publisher who can not or will not command the cash or the credit to produce it has no right to call himself a publisher at all; and if the book is not worth publishing he should be ashamed to put his imprint on it.

❧

The scheme of asking authors to advance money for the publication of their books is of a piece with those of certain projectors of biographical encyclopedias. These write to an individual saying his or her portrait is essential to the completeness of the work, and asking twenty-five dollars for its insertion. The answer to this is obvious. If the portrait is essential, it is totally unnecessary for the individual to pay twenty-five dollars or twenty-five cents for it, and if it is not essential the projector is engaged in a neat little swindle. It is amazing that people can be victimized in this way and in this age.

It is not denied that with expensive scientific publications, and other works not designed for general distribution and sale, even a reputable publisher may require a sum to be advanced. The present remarks refer exclusively to the publications of general literature. And it is also true that there is, in most stereotyped publishers' agreements, a clause to the effect that the author's royalty does not begin until a certain number of copies have been sold—sometimes the number is enough to pay for the cost of printing the book; and this is of the nature of a demand upon an author for money. But this clause is so seldom left standing that it is a matter of surprise it should be retained even in the stereotyped form. The only reason for it which seems plausible is, that the red line run through it is calculated to make the fledgling author believe he is being specially favored. The fledgling is easily tickled, but he gets bravely over it in a brief space.

The beliefs of the general public, including the beginner in literature, concerning publishers, deserve a special chapter in that interesting publication on Popular Delusions. The first hallucination, and the most difficult to dispel, is that to get a book accepted is a matter of personal favor alone. Personal prejudices of the most trivial kind are often supposed to enter into a publisher's business arrangements. And it is astonishing that these hallucinations prevail among persons of a high order of intelligence.

It has been frequently asserted with entire seriousness that it was impossible to find a New York publisher who would take up a posthumous work of the late Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury—because Commodore Maury was a Southern man! And, in consequence, his representative applied to a London publisher, who accepted the book at once and brought it out in a very handsome form.

Now, everybody ought to know that some of the greatest books in the world have gone begging for a time, and it always will be so. Not only was Vanity Fair hawked about London in the days of our fathers, but in our own day Mr. Rudyard Kipling, it is well known, was civilly shown out of one of the greatest publishing houses in New York, with his manuscripts under his arm. Commodore Maury's book was declined for some purely business reason, but not necessarily a good reason. The declination may have been a tribute to the book. A publisher who had just brought out a similar book to Commodore Maury's might very rationally decline to put so powerful a rival in the field.

MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL

There are a few fundamental facts concerning publishers which every young author ought to have firmly nailed in his head. One is, that his publisher is his partner, and not necessarily his enemy. Nevertheless, there are several points which almost always make friction between a beginner and his publisher, but which are smoothed away as the author learns the trade side of his art. One is, the expectation which a beginner naturally has that his book will make a sensation. Well, this weary old planet is not easily surprised any more: but the author forgets this and thinks it is because the publisher was saving of printer's ink. Then, if the book is really well received, the author is disgusted that his profits are no larger. Now, it may be safely advanced, that while many first books make an artistic success, few first books make money for anybody, author or publisher. Only once in a generation is that rule reversed. Dickens' Sketches by Boz was a first book which was profitable—but it was by no means a first work. Dickens was already a trained newspaper writer, and these sketches had won great favor during a long course of serial publication in the Morning Chronicle. So completely is the first book unknown to the general public, that the first successful book is usually supposed to be the first book. The young author, however, does not know all these disagreeable conditions, for which the public is much to blame, but scarcely the publishers.

The next point of friction is, that it occurs some time or other to the young author that he has not the slightest means of knowing how many copies of his book have been sold, except the publisher's word. They are partners, yet only one partner has access to the books. It is true that Mr. Robert Buchanan got a decision from an English court, which enables an author in Great Britain to pore among his publisher's accounts and question the employees; and it is likely the decision would be accepted as a precedent here if the test were ever made. But it is an ugly thing to demand of a reputable publisher, and it would be attended with so many inconveniences that no one would blame a publisher for declining to print any more books for an author who was so troublesome. Still, the question is very complicated—the more so that it is also very delicate.

Much thought has been given, by publishers as well as authors, to the possibility of a press registering automatically and irrevocably the number of sheets printed. But there is no contrivance attached to a press or contained in it which could not be disconnected and made to register something else; and unless the author watched every sheet of his work as it left the press he would still be at somebody's mercy, as he now is at the publisher's. The French think they have got over the difficulty by making the author the owner of his own plates after a certain number of copies have been printed. It is hard to see, however, why and how this meets the question. Nevertheless, beyond the publisher's honesty there is a safeguard, commonly unthought of by authors, which protects them as completely as anything can on a planet where everything is imperfect.

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This safeguard consists in the enormous time, trouble and expense it would require to make a false return. If the Harpers, for example, had wished to make Mr. Du Maurier believe that only 50,000 copies of Trilby had been sold instead of 100,000, as probably were, it would have required a complete and very troublesome falsification of their whole system of bookkeeping. Dozens of people must have been taken into their confidence, with the certainty of some one's peaching. To pay all of these people would have been a heavy expense, and, in short, the game would not be worth the candle.

It is not meant to be asserted that in all disagreements between the author and the publisher the author is always to blame and the publisher is an injured angel. Far from it. Publishers have gout and dyspepsia the same as other men. But the publisher has a great advantage over the author in one way. Before he can call himself a publisher he must serve an apprenticeship, which accustoms him to treating with authors; while the author in the beginning knows nothing of publishers. The usual attitude of a publisher toward an author is that of an intelligent parent toward a promising but froward child. This is not half bad for the author.

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One thing, however, may be said without any qualification—that no business is conducted upon so high a plane of courtesy as that of the publisher and the author. Although books are accepted and printed upon strictly business principles, the publisher frequently does kind things toward an author, either from good will or, perhaps, from a desire for a quiet life. Yet I have never heard, among the many publishers I have known personally, a single reference to any favors done by them to an author. To the honor of both authors and publishers be it said, the telling generally comes from the author.

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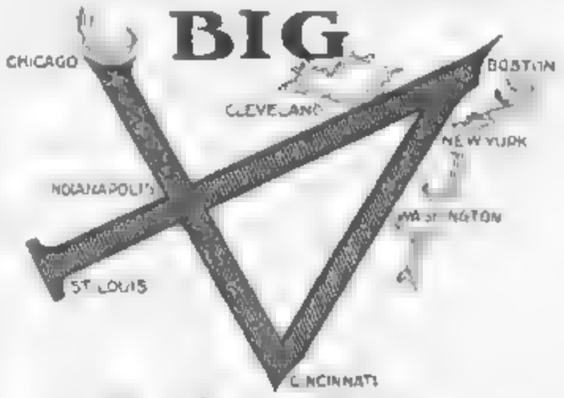

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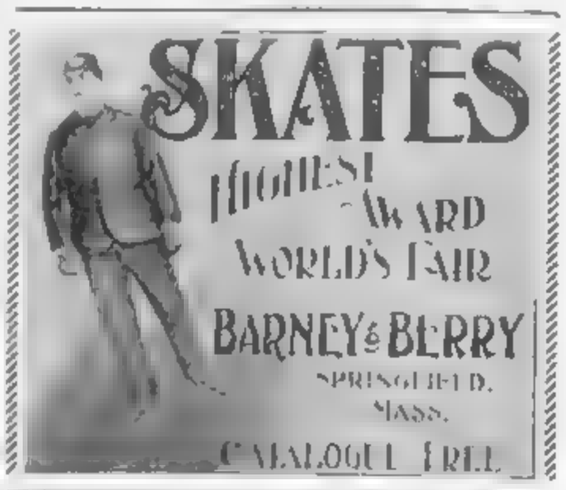

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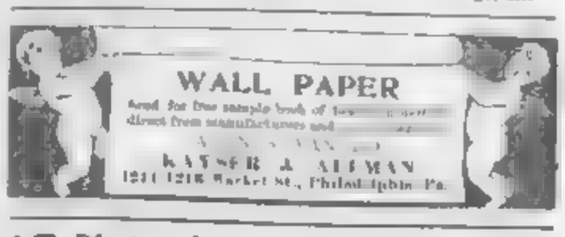

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WHAT to READ
The Books of the Week

The Orange Girl*

IT IS a matter for rejoicing when Sir Walter Besant consents to turn away from the grim socialistic problems with which—under the form and resemblance of novels—he has been wont to harass his readers, and when, in their place, he gives us a real story, an improbable, impossible, romantic, melodramatic story, such as gladdened the days of our youth. Those who remember that admirable tale, The Chaplain of the Fleet, the work of Besant and Rice in collaboration, will see in The Orange Girl some flicker of the flame which burned so brilliantly twenty years ago. The ghost of the Chaplain himself glides shadowlike through the book, under the guise of that vivacious rogue, the Bishop; and there are scenes in the King's Bench which recall vividly to our minds other scenes in the Fleet, as strongly presented but with a fine and genial humor which robbed them of their blackness.

There is little humor in The Orange Girl, not so much as should, in accordance with stage tradition, be woven through so pure a piece of melodrama. Save for this single deficiency, the novel stands ready for dramatization in Drury Lane. It has one of those wonderful wills upon which hinge so many plays and so many stories—a will suggestive of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's Stage Law—"when a man dies intestate, his property goes to the nearest villain." In this case, however, Sir Peter Halliday does not die intestate. He has a son and he has a nephew. The former is a nonentity, the latter a hypocrite. These two young men are deeply estranged, and cherish for one another a bitter animosity. Sir Peter accordingly makes a will, leaving a hundred thousand pounds to accumulate at interest until either son or nephew dies, when the money goes to the survivor. Having thus conscientiously paved the way for all the wickedness to follow, the old merchant departs in peace, and the remainder of the book is taken up with the plots devised by the nephew—aided by two arch-villains—to get the estate.

The poor son, as helpless a hero as ever trod the boards, falls an easy victim to their wiles, and would assuredly be hanged for highway robbery—of which he is as incapable as a kitten—were it not for the fair and wonderful adventuress, Miss Jenny Wilmot, who plays a number of parts with equal grace and spirit. As orange girl, as actress, as Madame Vallance, proprietress of the Soho Assembly Rooms, as fine lady and as boon companion of thieves, she flits through every scene, foiling conspiracies, spending fortunes, dragging the hero to safety, luring the villains to their doom. In all this she is greatly assisted by the villains themselves, who, following orthodox stage traditions, invariably permit their wicked plots to be overheard, going out of their way, in fact, to insure detection. No veteran playgoer, however, quarrels with the exigencies of the drama, and no veteran novel-reader quarrels with the exigencies of romance. Sir Walter Besant has given us a story full to the brim of incidents, a few of which are historically true and the remainder pleasantly incredible. He frets himself and us a little now and then over hardships suffered long ago, and there is one grim scene at the pillory which most readers will be glad to forget. Yet has The Orange Girl many cheerful qualities which should win gratitude and esteem.

Was it Right to Forgive?†

CAN You Forgive Her? asked Anthony Trollope of his readers thirty-six years ago, and answered the question with a genial affirmative in one of those delightful novels the mere memory of which makes us sigh for the days that are no more and for the old-fashioned mundane cheerfulness that has departed with them. Is it Right to Forgive? asks Mrs. Barr to-day, with a profound seriousness which warns us from the outset that she is facing a social problem, and marshaling all the characters of her story into a witness-box.

The evidence they give is of an objectionable order. A more unpleasant family than the Filmers it would be hard to imagine, or one requiring more forgiveness at their neighbors' hands. Rose Filmer flirts coarsely and viciously while her husband looks after their sick child at home. Harry Filmer is no better. Mrs. Filmer apparently finds equal pleasure in her son's misbehavior and in her daughter-in-law's unhappiness. "You are your old mother's dear, naughty boy, after all," she remarks approvingly to the unrepentant sinner. Surely even in a smart or semismart set of New York society it cannot be natural for a mother to exult over the moral downfall of her son. Surely loving and respectable mothers—Mrs. Filmer, we are asked to believe, was both—do not rally their boys gayly on such points. Even the sterling virtues of Peter and Yanna Van Hoosen and the angelic conduct of Antony—Rose's husband—are powerless to give a wholesome flavor to a book permeated from cover to cover by the vulgarity of the Filmers.

For the rest, the abstract question of forgiveness is one which has been answered, and answered authoritatively, long ago. Mrs. Barr's arguments—as advanced by that sensible old maid, Miss Alida Van Hoosen, of whom we should like to see more—are sound and vigorous. They might be useful as a barrier to the morbid sentiment with which—through the sluice-gates of fiction—we have been inundated for the past six years; but the truth is, all such arguments—for and against—are equally wasted. People in real life seldom permit their actions to be influenced by novels. They feel that, while in the novel events invariably prove the correctness of the author's point of view, in life things turn out differently. Moreover, we need some stronger factor than a tale to afford us moral support. It is at least doubtful whether the good people who read Mrs. Opie's Illustrations of Lying became more truthful for the reading. They must have remembered instances in which their own lies wrought no such damaging mischief, and have taken heart of grace from the recollection.

—*Agnes Repplier.*

In Defense of Critics

IT IS high time for some one to speak a word in defense of the critics. Perhaps if these gentlemen were offered such championship, they would say, "Spare us from our friends as well as from our enemies." Nevertheless, it seems to me that one voice at least might be raised in their behalf. Ever since Disraeli said with a sneer that the critics were those who had failed in literature and art, lesser pens have echoed an accusation, which, as a matter of fact, has little or no truth in it.

Disraeli was one of the most severely criticised authors of his time, and posterity has justified his critics. Who reads his novels to-day? In how many libraries will you find Coningsby or Lothair? Smarting under the critic's lash, he cut back, and all the malcontents of literature took up his cry.

A writer in a recent magazine argues that because two women writers of fiction who are the favorites of 'Arry and 'Arriet "openly and insolently snapped their fingers at the critics and defied them to do their worst," and "thrived in spite of it," therefore criticism does not serve the desired end. This is foolish reasoning. If the writers named took a high position on Fame's eternal bead-roll in spite of the critics, that would be one thing, but the fact that their books are not read by people of taste or cultivation proves that the critics are right.

We are a patriotic people in some circumstances. We boast that we are the greatest nation in the world, but at the same time we are very fond of belittling our own. American critics are an ignorant lot, according to those of their countrymen who write about them, while English critics are the only ones who really criticise. Matthew Arnold is held up before our eyes, and we are told to match him if we can. If the dead are to be dragged from their graves to confront us, let me name James Russell Lowell. Dead or alive, it would be hard to match him as a critic in all England. And as for the vaunted Mr. Saintsbury, is he any more profound than our own Edmund Clarence Stedman as a scholarly, incisive, imaginative critic of prose and poetry?

There is, according to the writer I have quoted, no "intelligent, influential, helpful criticism in America." Ask the writers of "influential, helpful" books what their experience is in the matter of intelligent criticism. I think that you will find that they have been greatly helped by their critics. I certainly know of many instances where they have gratefully acknowledged such help, and I daresay there are a great many more such cases that have not come to my attention. It is a mistake to call the writers of book notices in cross-roads weeklies literary critics. They make no such claims for themselves, I am sure, but the reviewers on the staffs of literary papers are, so far as my knowledge goes, genuine critics: men who know their subjects and who write from abundant knowledge. Those Americans who scoff at American critics are doing just what they accuse the latter of doing—trying to destroy rather than to build up. We have critics in this country whose work can be matched with that of any in England to-day. Though not a critic myself, I am well acquainted with the guild and know whereof I speak. No doubt, in England the critics are derided and compared to their disadvantage with those of France; for critics, like prophets, are not without honor save in their own country.

—*Jeannette L. Gilder.*

Barrie at a Loss for a Compliment.—J. M. Barrie is running for Parliament, and all sorts of things are being devised to help his cause along. One creation is a mechanical doll called The Little Minister, which does and says extraordinary things. Mr. Barrie is very shy but very clever as a speaker, and recently, when he was talking to a large crowd of noisy people, he grabbed one of these little toys from the hands of a bystander, wound it up and made it serve as orator in his stead.

The author told a story the other day about the time he visited Smith College.

"I only visited the place for material, local color and curiosity," he said; "but when I faced one thousand women's eyes I felt like a Spanish flag officer out of a job."

"What did you do?"

"I told everything I knew. I said: 'I have only been in Northampton with my friend, George W. Cable, a short time. The finest thing in America is Smith College, the finest things in Smith College are its girls, and the finest girl is—well, now, I think the least I can do is to cross the Atlantic and leave you guessing.'"

Conan Doyle as a Trade Journalist.—Dr. Conan Doyle visited the first women writers' club of London a short time ago and found himself, as he puts it, "dissolved into a series of answers to a fire of questions."

"Did you always want to be an author?"

"No; I first wrote to pay bills."

"Did you pay them?"

"Not by literature. I had manuscripts returned for ten years."

"How did you pay them?"

"By writing for a string of trade papers which advertised my stuff as literature."

How Haggard Answered a Letter.—When Mr. and Mrs. Rider Haggard were in America, an Anglomaniac wrote a letter to Mr. Haggard, signing it, like the Queen of England, with her first name.

The author did not know just how to treat the epistle, but, after consulting with Mrs. Haggard, he sent the following message:

"Dear Madam: May I ask, as a matter of curiosity, if you sign checks this way?"

A New Phase of Play-Writing.—The latest phase of play-writing has recently come to the surface. An American theatrical manager has engaged a novelist to write a novel and hired a playwright to make a play out of it. The book will be published by the manager and widely circulated. Its plot is particularly suited for the stage, and it is expected that the adapter will make one of next season's successes out of his work. The novelist is F. Marion Crawford, and the adapter is Lorimer Stoddard, who adapted Tess for Mrs. Fiske.

*The Orange Girl. By Sir Walter Besant. *Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.*

†Was it Right to Forgive? By Amelia E. Barr. *Herbert S. Stone & Co.*

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A New ERA in LAWN TENNIS

By J. Parmly Paret

J. P. PARET MAKING HIS FOREHAND DRIVE

IS LAWN TENNIS dying out in America? No; a thousand times no! and it never will. Americans are as prone to fads as are sparks to fly upward. Lovers of lawn tennis have much reason to regret this characteristic in their countrymen, for it is to the great army of the novelty-seekers that their favorite sport owes all of its alleged tribulations. It is their fickle allegiance and subsequent desertion that have spread the impression abroad throughout the land that lawn tennis is "dying out."

THE REAL STATUS OF THE GAME

On the contrary, the game is yet young, its age in this country being less than a quarter of a century, and so long as American youth loves manly sport, and insists on rapid action and excitement with its sport, just so long will lawn tennis claim a large following on this side of the Atlantic. Those who have studied the characteristics of our race cannot doubt how long this will be.

It is only from the viewpoint of the uninitiated that the game seems to have suffered materially within the last few years, and even with them the impression is due to the "faddists." When lawn tennis first came into vogue in America a great wave of enthusiasm swept over the Eastern portion of the country, and no out-of-town residence was complete without its lawn tennis court. One might as well think of omitting a piano or a billiard-table from the household appointments. Every one played tennis, or rather played at it, for there was little proficiency in those early days, and a great majority of the people played the game because it was fashionable to do so rather than because they enjoyed it.

W. A. LARNED MAKING A BACKHAND STROKE

AMERICAN TENNIS IN ITS MUSHROOM DAYS

But this unhealthy mushroom growth continued only during the years when Dame Fashion smiled in its direction. Soon the "craze" had run its course, and then came the era of the disenchantment, for when those who played tennis because it was "the proper thing to do" saw it well played for the sport's own sake they began to appreciate the gulf that existed between them and the experts, and the grass grew thick on the tennis lawns and the nets sagged low in disuse. The fad swept by, and those who had not the perseverance, the ability or the strength to succeed at the sport dropped away in great numbers. To-day the game is the better for their absence, just as this season's Newport tournament was the better for only thirty-six good-class entries instead of the host of weaker brethren who choked up the championship draw in so many previous years.

It has been the same with most of our other imported sports. In each we find the same sharp distinction between the sport and the pastime. The sport lives; the pastime dies out. The lovers of fads fairly jump for joy at the sight of a new game to while away their leisure hours, and they pitch in with the abnormal enthusiasm that quickly wears the edge off their devotion. Soon comes the disenchantment, and they rapidly shift their allegiance to the next toy, only to drop that in its turn for a newer fad. Golf has been suffering from the same cankerous growth. Every well-regulated club and hotel must now have its golf course, and the tennis lawns in private residences have been turned into putting-greens for private practice. When the golf days of disenchantment come—and they are very near, if not already upon us—the sport will begin the healthy growth and development which can take place only when the hysteria of the faddist has disappeared.

THE POPULARITY OF TENNIS ABROAD

Just now the fad for lawn tennis flourishes in other parts of the world, while England and the Eastern part of the United States, the first to adopt the game, are enjoying the healthy growth. In certain parts of the West the game is in wonderful favor among the fashionable just now, while on the European continent it is "booming" in the truly American sense of that term. It was only a few years ago, when some of the English residents of Berlin introduced lawn tennis into one of their Anglo-American clubs, that the German impression of it was plainly expressed by the comment of one of the phlegmatic Teutons, who ridiculed "those foreigners romping about in the hot sun merely to try to hit a ball over a net." Now the Germans are among the most enthusiastic of all the Continental lawn tennis devotees. The Kaiser and his sons are devoted to the game, and what the Emperor likes is sure to be popular in the Fatherland.

Without the hysterical element of the faddists, however, lawn tennis in our own country has advanced steadily. From the standpoint of the expert, too, the play has gradually improved from year to year. It is now sixteen years since the last alteration of any consequence was made in the playing rules of the game, and that was only to lower the height of the net a few inches. Through all this time the only changes have been in the wording of certain rules and in minor details, and yet the skill at the game has been steadily advancing. Of what other sport can this be said? We find the average of tournament play during the season just ended distinctly higher than it was a few years ago, and that of the early nineties far and away above the play of previous seasons.

LINES ON WHICH THE GAME HAS DEVELOPED

The development of the highest tennis skill has been along consistent lines. At first all attention was centred in learning the strokes the English had invented for the new game, but the era of knocking everything back was soon followed by the days when slow placing was the winning game and a heavy premium was put upon accuracy. Then the Renshaws introduced the volley stroke abroad, and several years were spent in mastering its cardinal possibilities, which were followed by the régime of Campbell, who headed the "net players." Their object was to force the attack by constant volleying and smashing from a position near the net, and this method has been kept up to the present day, and would still be the winning game had not those who could not volley well learned another method of defense. Now, constant lobbing (that is, tossing the ball up into the air) over the opponent's head, which gradually wears him out unless he be a clever smasher, or fast "passing" strokes which slide by him at the net, are the most approved methods of dislodging a persistent volleyer.

M. D. WHITMAN MAKING HIS FAMOUS REVERSE TWIST SERVICE

The present tendency of the game is all toward speed. Accuracy has been so mastered by the leading experts that modern control of the ball is little short of marvelous. Absolute steadiness, the ability to play every ball back over the net without offering easy chances to "kill" it, and still force the opponent without unusual risk of error by hitting into the net or out of the court, compose the winning game of to-day. This can be beaten only by more speed and greater skill of the same sort. Modern experts have become so accurate that they seldom fail to take advantage of the smallest chance to "kill" the ball, and the mimic warfare of the courts has developed into strategic plays to gain an opening for the winning stroke.

WHEREIN LIES THE CHAMPION'S STRENGTH

The present American champion, Malcolm Douglas Whitman, of Boston, has been lauded as the greatest player America has yet produced, but it is probable that this estimate of his skill is an exaggeration. Whitman's wonderful ability lies in the direction of winning matches, and he wins by his unequaled steadiness rather than because he plays any more brilliant tennis than his rivals. His is a style that never permits him to lose control of his balance; he never abandons caution for a brilliant play, and he seldom hits out freely at the ball with the long sweep of the racket that produces great speed. The champion is therefore not considered a fast player. On the other hand, he is a cautious, resourceful master of the game, with a wonderful variety of plays at his command, and the ability to bring them all off successfully under the stress of excitement—a quality much rarer than it should be. Whitman crouches

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slightly in making most of his strokes, keeping his weight the better within his control, and he twists almost every ball he hits.

PUZZLING AND EFFECTIVE TWIST STROKES

The twisting of a tennis ball acts as does the spinning of a rifle ball, making it travel faster and with more accuracy on its course. In tennis we have a number of twists which make the ball curve slightly in the air, and the expert player knows the effect of each. The champion has an unusual control of these twist strokes and he uses them effectively, always making the ball fly close to the top of the net and drop soon after it has crossed safely into the opponent's court—a trick that makes it doubly difficult to volley very successfully.

A new feature of modern play, and one that was revived first by Whitman, is the use of a false bound from the service. Many years ago the cut services adapted from court tennis and racquets were used to make the ball "break" erratically from the ground. The introduction of speed into the play, however, did away with this feature for many years, and it was not until within the last few seasons that a method was discovered by which speed and an erratic bound could be combined. Whitman first introduced his "reverse twist" service that spun the ball around so rapidly in the air that it literally took on an oval shape as it flew across the net, and then bounded off sharply at an unnatural angle from the ground. This has been followed up by several other players, most notably Davis and Ward. Both of these young experts use a fast overhead delivery that causes the ball to bound very badly and still retain so much of its spin that it is difficult to hit it accurately. In Davis' case, and in a lesser degree also in Ward's, little speed has been lost in this service, and it is almost as fast as a straight overhead delivery with a true bound, though Whitman's "reverse twist" is slower. As both Davis and Ward follow up their erratic service to the net and volley the first return whenever possible, it becomes doubly difficult to stop this method of attack, as the spin the ball retains makes an accurate passing drive very difficult.

THE BEST MEN OF THE YEAR'S TOURNEYS

Next to Champion Whitman, the most successful players of this year were Dwight F. Davis, William A. Larned and J. Parmly Paret, and these four compose the first class for the season, although Clarence Hobart, who has been playing so successfully abroad, and Carr B. Neel, who played once or twice this season in the West, might also be included among the leaders if they had played enough with the other leading experts to make an estimate of their relative skill possible. The absence from competition of Robert D. Wrenn, the former champion, leaves a gap in the ranks of the leaders that will be hard to fill.

Larned is a veteran expert of the highest rank, Davis showed his first real championship form only a year ago, while Paret made his entry into the class of the leaders this season with his victory in the All-Comers' Tournament at Newport.

There are many opinions as to the relative skill of the leaders of 1899 as compared with those of two years ago, and I fear mine will not agree with the majority. Many have expressed the conviction, both in print and out of it, that Whitman is a greater player than either Larned or Wrenn at his best, and Larned's poor form of this season seems to be largely responsible for this estimate. While the two cracks of 1897—head and shoulders above all their rivals then—were away at the Spanish War last year, the less skilful players undoubtedly made up much of the difference between themselves and the Wrenn-Larned standard; but I seriously doubt whether they have yet reached, much less surpassed, the form shown by the leaders in the international season of 1897.

This must not be taken as arguing that the game has not progressed during the last two years, for I am convinced of the contrary. The general average of tournament play this season was distinctly higher than that of the year before, and, although we may not have improved upon the two brilliant stars of two years ago, our leaders of to-day are very little above the next class, instead of head and shoulders above, as in the days of Larned's and Wrenn's hollow supremacy. At his best, I should rate Whitman nearly even with Larned and Wrenn at their best, the present champion being more likely to win from Larned, perhaps, from the sheer force of his steadiness—the quality which has so often proved Larned's undoing—but less likely to beat Wrenn at his best because of the latter's own excellence in the same particular.

In the hurricane, forcing style of Davis' play I think we see the game of the future, and five years from now there will probably be many such experts. On his best days, this young player is simply invincible, though he still suffers from the woeful unsteadiness that proved to be the grave of all Larned's championship hopes, and he may never be able to combine steadiness with his present brilliance. In England the success of base-line play this year proved rather a setback to the volleyers, but it must always be remembered that English ground strokes are distinctly better than their volleying, while just the reverse is the case on this side the Atlantic. Davis is a volleyer first, last and all the time. That is the style of game that has been most successful in America, and those are the methods that beat the best of the British experts when they came over to play our men.

THE LAWN TENNIS OF THE FUTURE

Carried to such an excess as did Campbell in his day, and Neel after him, volleying neglects ground strokes too much to be sound, but the winning position, according to the most orthodox of the tennis strategists of to-day, is near enough to the net to attack with a downward stroke, which can be made only by a volley. An attack is much more powerful if the ball is played while flying horizontally through the air, or while still rising; to volley a falling ball becomes more of a defensive stroke, except in overhead play, when the smash is brought into use. Once the position at the net is secured, it is not the best play to "kill" the first ball that is reached, but to force the opponent into constant difficulties until he offers a sure opportunity to win, without taking the chance of a doubtful stroke. This forcing game, played from the volleyer's position at the net, combined with steadiness, patience and perseverance, is the game of the future. It may not be the most brilliant to watch, since only the easy balls are "killed," not the difficult ones, but it is the game that will win the greatest number of tournament matches in the long run.

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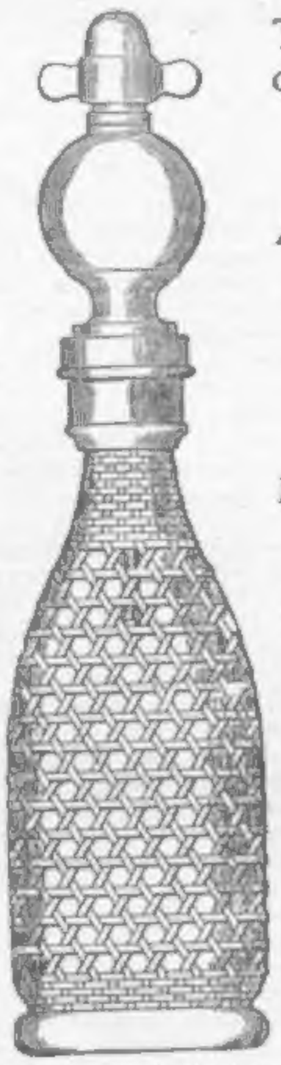

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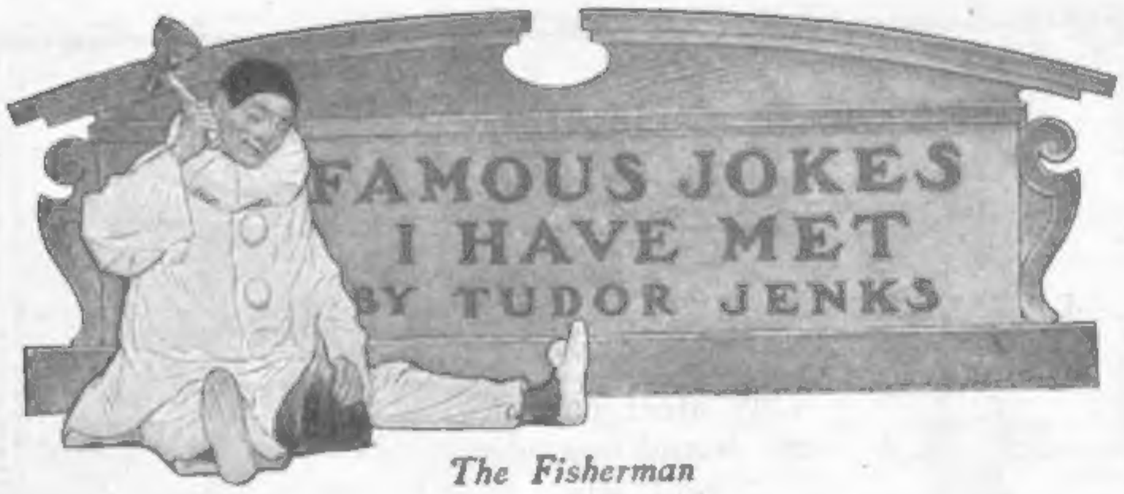

The Fisherman

I MADE many inquiries among my friends and enemies in seeking the typical fisherman so dear to the American Humorists. I did not, of course, blurt out the object of my questions; instead, I imitated the tactics of the trout-fishermen about whom the sporting papers tell us. I went casually about the quest, without giving a hint of my purpose.

The interview would proceed something in this way:

"Do you care for outdoor sports?"

"No; I never have played golf."

"What do you do in your vacations?"

"Smoke and read the newspapers."

"Are you fond of hunting?"

"No; my wife goes to the Intelligence Office."

"Did you ever see a whale?"

"Say, old man, are you on the census?"

"No; but I thought you might know some place where I could go fishing."

"Oh! I see. Yes; of course I do; go up to Mohoshmequeektawkeat."

"Any good fishing there?"

"I should say! Fishing? Well! See here. My friend Job Watkinson and I were two days in the woods, and we brought out eighteen and three-eighths quintals of codfish, besides having codfish cakes and maple syrup every day fresh from the hives."

"From the——?"

"Hives—wild bees, you know. The brooks up there are full of codfish and scolfops and eel-grass. Ever eat eel-grass, old man? You ought to eat some the way our guide, Pete, cooks it!"

Of course then I know the man is not reliable; for though not a sportsman, I do know the difference between codfish and Plymouth Rock hens, which is more than can be said of such automatic, load-by-daylight, magazine liars as these.

My inquiries proved fruitless; but I deserved my failures. Then my subconscious good sense came to my aid. It directed me to the dealers in fish; and at the very first trial I landed my game.

He was a smug, genteel person, with a dyed mustache turned up at the ends, and side whiskers that fluttered in the wind. He was dressed in brown duck, with shooting or wading boots coming up nearly to his ears. He carried a creel and a bait-box and a rod with automatic fire-alarms on it. It had a reel that would do stunts when you whistled to it and scratched it under the ear.

He entered the fishmonger's shop and asked what fish were in season. He bought a lot of assorted kinds and sizes. He put a fly-hook into the mouth of one of them.

Trying to look as respectable and prosperous as I could, so as to avert any suspicion of my being a humorist by profession, I followed like an Old Sleuth hound upon his track. When I fell into his wake I knew from the odor of the fish that I had struck a scent at last.

I followed him to his lair—a neat residence such as is inhabited by one of the upper middle class. At the door he paused, and I hastened to overtake him.

"Excuse me, sir," I said, "but I am a reporter for The Fisherman's Gazette and I have been sent to interview you."

"Ah," he responded with an open smile of keen joy, "I am glad to see you. Come right in."

We entered, and after a few minutes he brought in his wife—a blue-eyed, matronly person of trustful countenance—and I was presented in my assumed character.

"He has been sent," the fisherman explained, "to interview me concerning the facilities for obtaining fish in this neighborhood. Am I right?" he inquired.

"Entirely so," I answered, "and, as I am somewhat hurried, I should be glad if——"

"Certainly," he said; "I was just about to tell my wife about my trip.

"I had my usual luck," he went on, turning to his wife with a composure that Baron Munchausen never equaled, "and I remained away all day. The fish were plentiful, and were in great variety, though confined to a small space. There was only one other man there, and he seemed to take the fish readily. In fact, there was not much sport in filling my basket, and it cost me very little beyond the trouble of selecting those I preferred."

"What flies did you use?" inquired his innocent wife.

"This one," replied the man of guile, carefully extracting from the trout's jaw the one I had seen him insert there.

"Was it a good place for fishing?" was his wife's next question.

"Well, no," he answered, with an air of great candor. "There were plenty of fish, but they didn't show any spirit—any life."

"You have certainly kept yourself very tidy," remarked his wife approvingly.

"Yes," he answered shamelessly, "but the way I fish there is no need of spoiling your clothes. You wouldn't think I had been near the water, would you?"

This was said with sublime effrontery. The man was a jewel. He was a genuine out-and-out fraud. His statements did not even sound fishy. His effrontery was on a true *fin de siècle* scale. He reeled off his line of codding without floundering, and his wife took the bait whole.

I arose to make my exit.

"It was good of you to call," he said, "and I shall be glad to give you any information you may require at any time."

"Thank you," I said; "I think you have told me all I wished to know except the price you paid for the fish."

"Then you saw me?" he asked, his face lighting up. "I am truly delighted."

"Delighted!" I exclaimed in a voice of withering scorn that I had picked up from the leading man of a dramatic association of amateurs.

"Yes," he went on, undisturbed. "You are no doubt thinking of the moral side of the transaction. But in that, my dear sir, you are entirely in the wrong. Consider rather its economic side. I am opposed to whatever injures trade. If I catch my own fish, I enter into competition with the dealer and hurt his business. By purchasing his fish I aid him to support his family."

"I see," I answered. "But your wife is deceived. She thinks you a skilful fisherman, whereas you are a plain fraud."

"You deceive yourself," he replied. "She doesn't believe a word I say. She knows I never caught a fish in my life."

"You should catch one, then," I answered warmly, "or not pretend to be a fisherman."

"If I should catch one, she would still believe that I bought it. You see, she is the daughter of an editor of a comic paper, and from childhood has believed that all fishermen are liars. She is interested only to see how skilfully I can tell my story. Consequently I deceive no one, and benefit the fishmongers and dealers in sporting goods. Are you answered?"

"I am," I admitted. "And you have more than satisfied me. I will be as frank as yourself. I am no reporter, but the representative of the Order of American Humorists. I am seeking, in real life, the originals of their time-worn jests. You are the genuine type of Humorists' Fisherman, and I have the pleasure of offering you a pension for life in recognition of your services in behalf of my brethren. Will you accept it?"

"With delight," he exclaimed with deep emotion. "I am overjoyed to be a genuine anything—even a genuine fraud."

Editor's Note—This is the fourth paper in Tudor Jenks' series, Famous Jokes I Have Met.

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